CHIRON RISING

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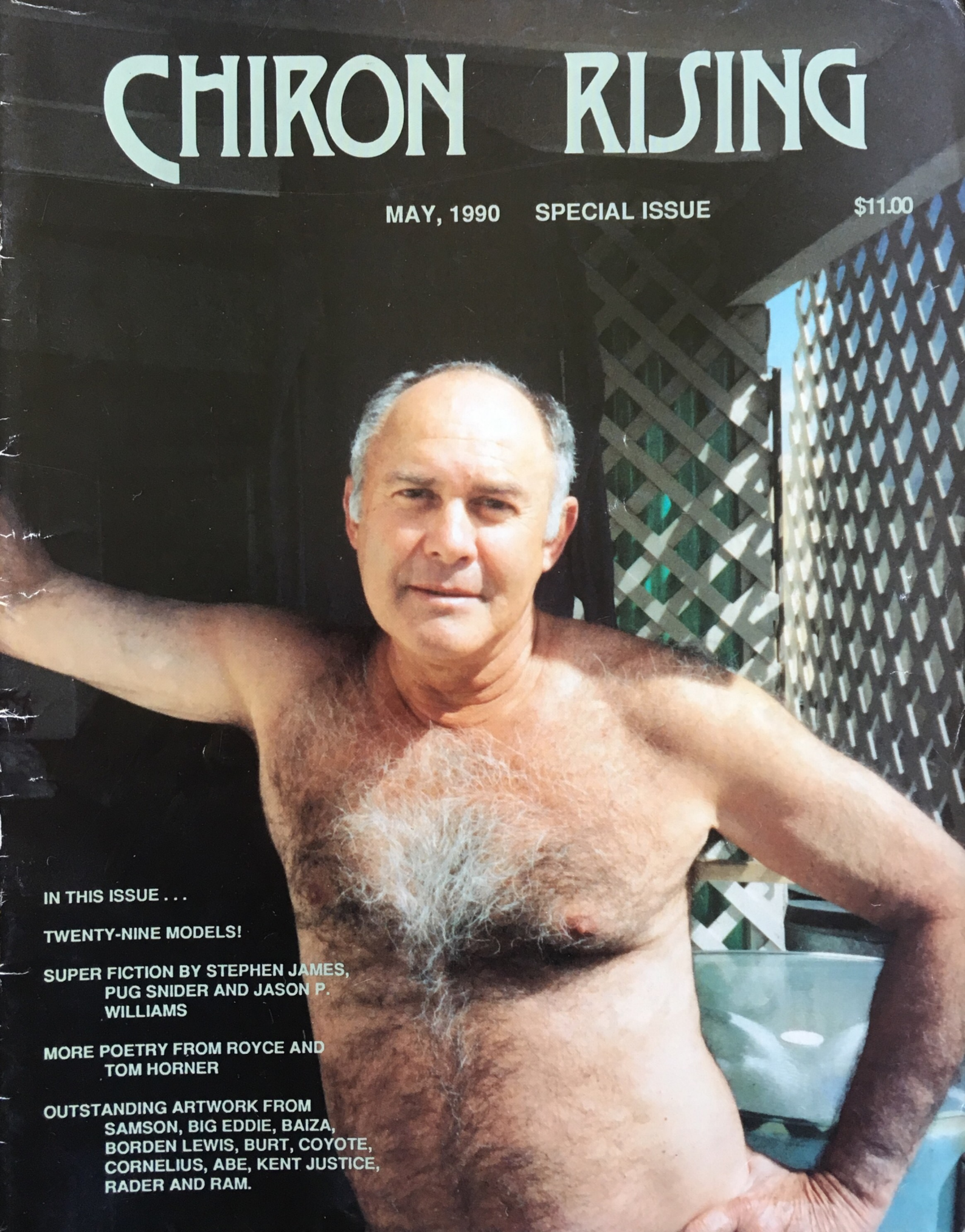

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

TWENTY-NINE MODELS!

SUPER FICTION BY STEPHEN JAMES, PUG SNIDER AND JASON P. WILLIAMS

MORE POETRY FROM ROYCE AND TOM HORNER

OUTSTANDING ARTWORK FROM SAMSON, BIG EDDIE, BAIZA, BORDEN LEWIS, BURT, COYOTE, CORNELIUS, ABE, KENT JUSTICE, RADER AND RAM.

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH GLORIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/ PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

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PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue. You may write to any of them the same way you write to an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas, per half ounce) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write subject's name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for forwarding.

AARON is a highly talented artist and photographer who lives with his partner of several years in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine.

ABE is 41, 5'-5", husky, muscular, masculine and very talented with his hands. This fantastic artist lives in the Montana Rockies and lives a very solitary life, possessing a great love for the outdoors.

BAIZA is a 21-year-old native of Papua New Guinea. He seeks mature pen pals all over the world and enjoys music, photography, athletics, weight training, traveling and meeting new friends.

BARNEY is one fine looking Louisianan with a smile as real as they come. Now 29, 6 feet and 185 pounds, Barney loves mature men over 40.

BEER CAN THICK, 64, 5'-8", 200# and slick headed, lives in Arizona and travels the West and Northwest during the summer. This super butch stick of dynamite has a rod that is 8" AROUND and is looking for 45 to 70 year old buddies to give it to.

BIG EDDIE is 66, pink, hairless, stocky, nicely endowed New Yorker, who draws a mean Bruiser Type. He likes them butch, burly, barrel chested and beer bellied and does the book with hunks, 35 and older. He loves to exchange photos and hot drawings.

BIG MAC is a 61-year-old blond, blue-eyed, burly biker! This outstanding specimen of a MAN lives in Orange County with his gorgeous, equally blond, 35-year-old biker lover, who is straight off the cover of a surfer magazine. These great guys just love meeting other couples—especially nudists.

BILL, JR. is a retired, 53-year-old, 5'-11", 235# ex-football and baseball jock who is still searching for number one. Burly yet submissive, this eligible hunk seeks rugged-looking, beer-drinking, cussing dominants over 50.

BRUISER is 58 and lives up to his name in a gentle sort of way. He's 6'-2", 225#, rugged, muscular and loves touching, massage, wrestling and other sports. BRUISER is seeking a mature, masculine, stable, understanding man to share life with in San Diego.

BURT is a New Yorker who wishes to remain anonymous. But he promises to provide us always with images of Mr. Chiron that we all yearn for and dream of.

BUZZ is a retired salesman and former Coast Guard radio operator. He's 5'-9", 205# and lives in Atlanta and St. Augustine with his lover of many years. This outrageously handsome man likes sincere, sober, non-drug guys, 35-55.

C.J. is a Southern California senior who travels extensively. This fine, masculine specimen turns heads everywhere he goes. C.J. has been with us from almost the beginning and has been responsible for landing us quite a few staunch supporters.

CORNELIUS is a brilliant, 34-year-old portrait and fantasy artist living in Amsterdam with his chubby lover, aged 42. If you think this man's drawings are powerful, wait until you see his erotically ethereal paintings, which are masterful.

COYOTE, 33, was born and raised in West Texas like your editor. Besides being one of the most inventive artists we've ever seen, this bright young man is lean and youthful, with light brown hair and blue eyes—and he's looking for a mature soulmate. He's versatile and easygoing, yet responsible—like the coyote. Shy but wild....wild but shy.

FARMER ED is a Des Moines businessman who travels extensively in the U.S. and Europe. He has an Iowa farm on the side. He is a lively senior citizen at 72 with friends at all stops.

THE FRIAR is the inspiration for the creation of this publication. He is none other than the publisher/editor's 69 year old lover and the BIG BOSS of CHIRON RISING. Subscribers who come by to meet your publisher/editor usually leave, madly in love with him. Shy, yet photogenic, THE FRIAR reluctantly allows his photos to appear from time to time....to enthusiastic applause.

TOM HORNER is the 63-year-old owner of a mail order book business out of North Carolina. A published author and teacher, Tom is seeking a short, heavy, big-breasted, uncut bottom who is ready to retire and take up a long term relationship.

IRONWORKER is 60ish, built like a brick outhouse and sexy as hell. This retired contractor drove 'em wild at the Best Friends bar during the 1989 Mardi Gras and rumor has it that he shook them up worse in 1990. When he enters the room, jaws drop. He's single but prefers to play the field for now.

STEVEN JAMES is an absolute mystery. Since most of our advertisers and contributors are anonymous, we have to keep a rather voluminous cross reference file. Unfortunately, we neglected to input the real name for Steven James. Steven, whoever you are, please straighten us out!

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/photographer/videographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in countless new subscribers.

BORDEN LEWIS is a 33-year-old graphic designer who resides in Southern California with his 42 year old partner. "Elio," his incredibly erotic cartoon creation, is about 62, married, but always ready to get together with one of more of his buddies, who will be recurring characters.

LOU LOU is 32, 1m77, 110Kg and likes muscles, weight, hair and big cocks. He's got a giant one himself and lives in Charleroi, Belgium. He's a friend of LONG LASTING STEVEN and BEAR LOVER.

MACK is 55, 5'-11", 235#, brawny, hung, highly educated and bisexual. Heaven is getting this powerful man's man into a sling and making love to his 8" X 7" (around) cock, balls and prostate. MACK is married and lives in Orange County.

RADER is 30 and has always been into older men. His spouse is 45. A professional artist in the Saturday morning cartoon biz, he's successfully crossed over into the erotic genre, having been published in DRUMMER, I.T., The ADVOCATE and FIRST HAND. His popularity is gaining momentum, and we look for great work from this talented young man. [Note: RADER was known as RAIDER in the past.]

RAM is considered one of the best erotic artists in the world today. This highly celebrated professional artist is 50 and lives in the Midwest with his 70-year-old lover. A regular contributor since 1986, RAM came to our rescue when we were frantically looking for the kind of artwork that would turn heads. He gave us our first shot of prestige and we will be forever grateful.

KENN RICHIE is one of the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing number of screenplays which went on to become movies.

ROSEBUD is 62, stocky, muscular, vibrant, masculine and hung thick/uncut. Sorry younger guys. This hot property gets turned on only by seniors.

ROYCE, another CR discovery, is a handsome young writer who resides in East Texas. ROYCE introduces a fresh, unique approach to fiction and poetry, and we are amazed that he wasn't discovered before now.

SAM, a 53-year-old, 5'-10", 190#, 7-1/2" uncut masterpiece of a man from Atlanta, prefers BIG men with BIG uncut equipment. He says he loves to massage hard, throbbing muscles—no crack, crevice or bulge left unattended.

SANDPIPER has been with us for a long time and resides in north-central Illinois. A gorgeous specimen at 57, 5'-10" and 180#, this guy's body will knock you for a loop! SANDPIPER is looking for short, stocky men over 60.

PUG SNIDER is one of the most clever writers we've ever met. This 74 year old, silver haired fox lives in Illinois with his hunk, slightly younger lover and does to a typewriter what RAM does to a drawing pad. PUG is an ex journalist and is currently a freelance writer.

SYRINX is the nom de plume of a famous, beleaguered magazine editor. He uses the pen name when he's afraid of the fallout over his creation. Like so many other writers--whose names shall remain unspoken--he fancies himself an artist, as well as a writer. A famous editor once said, "The thing I hate the worst is a fucking writer who wants to illustrate his own goddamned story."

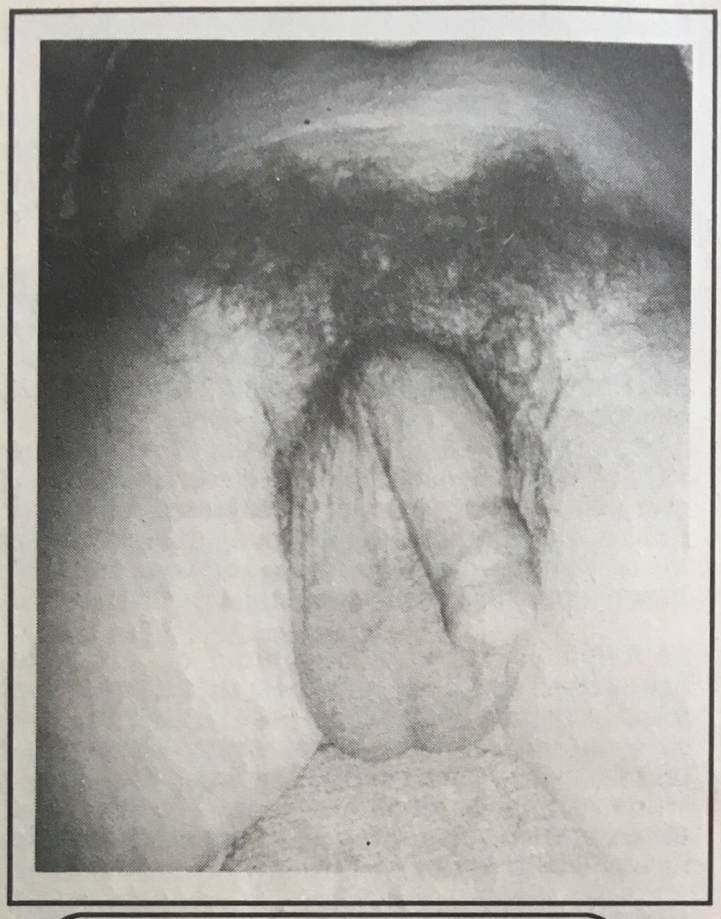
URSUS MINOR is a lusciously sexy, powerfully built lover of BIG BEARS who resides in Los Angeles. This 45-year-old, 5'-7", 230#, fun-loving pro-wrestler type likes big, heavyset men, 45 and older. And OH, how big men like him!

WALT AND KEN are 61 and 52 respectively and live together in the high plains of Nebraska. These truly nice guys are looking for pen pal couples and new friends.

JOHN WAYNE AND JAY are a couple of North Carolina boys with a super sense of humor and bona fide Southern charm. They just *love* to meet new friends.

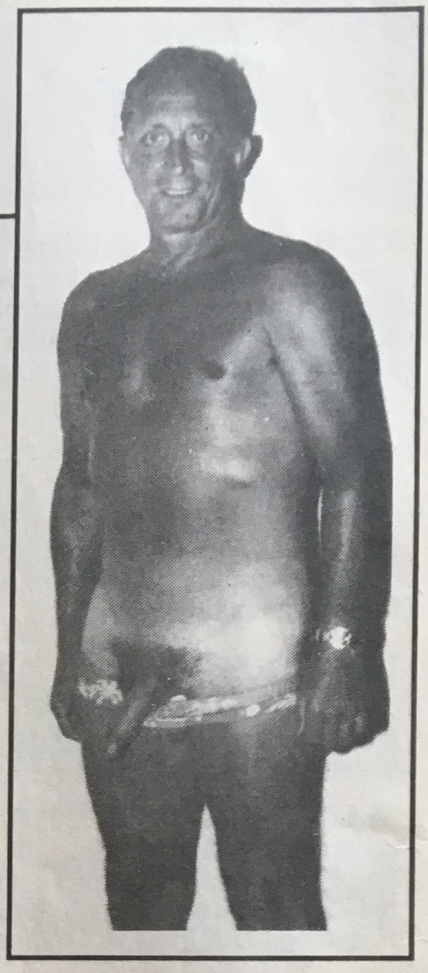
JASON P. WILLIAMS (aka "Jaypee") is the pseudonym of a well known writer/artist whose career in gay erotica has been enhanced artistically, if not financially, by his contributions to C-R. Jason furnishes most of the current gay publications with highly unusual, erotic fiction as well as an occasional drawing. Under his real name he is an internationally famous chubby chaser and lives in New York with his hunk of a lover of twenty years.

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication.

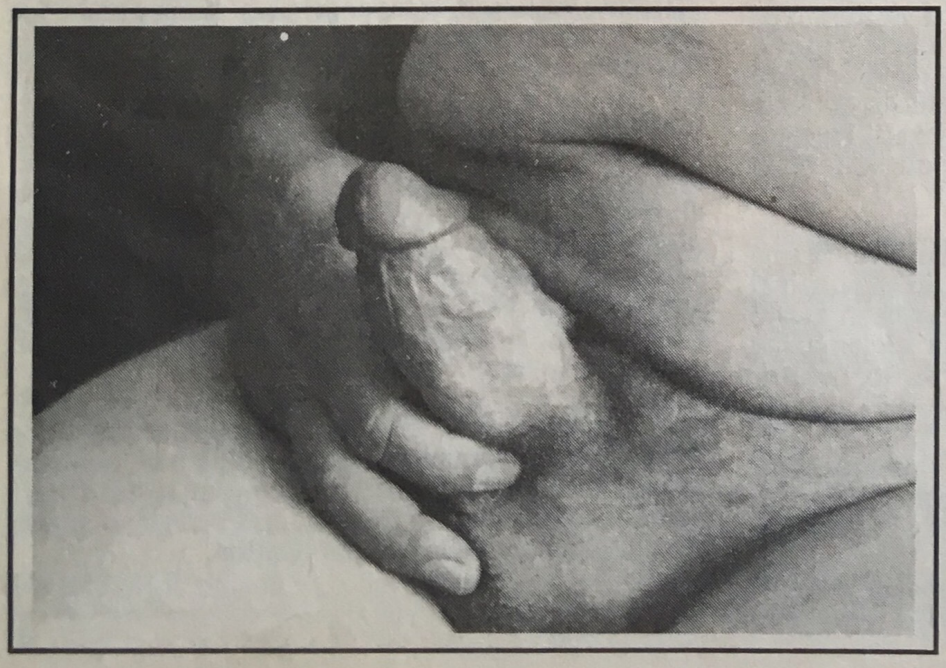


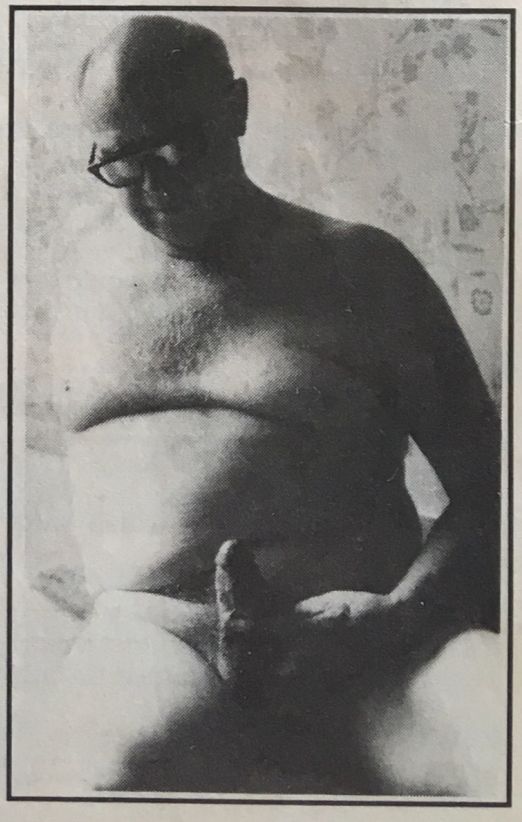
WALT . . . photo by KEN

SANDPIPER
a self portrait



BEER CAN THICK
photos by P.H. COLLEY





ビデオ
「ソープランド中年愛」より

THE GUYS AT SAMSON

SATURDAY MORNING . . . Fiction by STEPHEN JAMES

"I'm going down to the school gymnasium to deliver these cookies for Tuesday's bake sale. I won't be long," Mrs. Linden yelled up to her husband in the attic. She waited for a response.

Tom Linden heard her voice and pulled himself inside the window he was repairing. As he approached the top of the stairs, the shrill voice screeched from below to greet him.

"Are you sleeping up there?" The verbal barrage continued as he stepped into her sight. "You come home drunk every Friday night and you watch football all day on Sunday and you have the nerve to complain when I ask you to do a little work on Saturday. What's wrong with you?" she railed. "Why can't you be more like Mister Nathan? His wife never has to complain about him! I'll bet she doesn't have to ask him twice to do something."

Tom watched silently as her voice trailed off and she disappeared into the garage. He walked to the front window and wiped his hands on the rag in his back pocket, watching her back the white Cadillac out of the drive.

"The nerve of that bitch," he grumbled. "I never complain. I don't say a fucking word. For your information, lady, football season was over months ago, and a list of twenty things to do every Saturday morning is more than just 'a little work.' And as far as Mister Nathan goes, that newlywed is pussy-whipped. He wouldn't say shit if he had a mouthful!"

Half turning, Tom caught a glimpse of himself reflected in the glass frame he had removed from the window. The long, tousled, snow-white hair was pushed back from his face, revealing a widow's peak above a round and ruddy face covered with day-old stubble. His face was highlighted by silver-blue eyes, a large bulbous nose, and a mouth set firmly on a square jaw, supported by an extra chin. His 66-year-old body belied a life of labor. His rough-hewn hands, calloused and strong from working almost 50 years in a machine shop, moved deftly up his torso, feeling the roundness the years had added to his once tight, hard frame. His barrel chest had fallen to become a beer gut, which hung out below his faded plaid shirt.

He unbuttoned the old shirt and cast it aside, revealing a massive chest covered from neck to waist with an expanse of coarse, gray hair, speckled with black. Large, perfectly round nipples emerged from beneath hair to accentuate the contour of his meaty pectorals. He raised an arm to make a muscle, running his other hand over the biceps. Yes, it was still there, a remnant from his years as a tight end for the Lake University Wildcats. Yeah, those were the days.

Tom turned and opened the lid on a dark-stained cedar chest. His 1944 Lake University yearbook lay just under his varsity jacket. He took an old rug from the pile next to the chest and spread it on the floor. A cloud of dust rose up and gently floated back down. He lowered himself onto the rug and began to leaf through the yearbook, quickly at first, then more slowly as he approached the football highlights.

He grabbed at his crotch as he passed the Wildcat cheerleaders. Unlike most of his teammates, he never had sex with any of the cheerleaders. His was an all-too-typical story: He had dated a few girls and ended up marrying the one he got pregnant—feeling it more a duty than a commitment. The thought of being a young, horny man all over again aroused him. He rolled over onto his back, undid his belt and zipper, then pulled his loose-fitting work pants down below his knees.

What had been a nicely defined bulge in his pants revealed itself to be a true man's cock: a long shaft, tapering slightly from matted pubic hair to the loose-hanging foreskin, towering high above heavy balls. His cock had already begun to swell. A pink head protruded from beneath the stretched foreskin. One hand pulled the foreskin back and squeezed the cock up to its full seven inches. The other hand pulled the low-hanging ball sack up from between the massive thighs that imprisoned them, letting them slap back against his leg.

Tom looked at the near erection and thought: This cock sure hasn't been used much in this lifetime. Sex with his wife had ended with the birth of their first and only child, almost a half-century ago. Other than an occasional blow job from a hooker during the Jackson County Fair every year, the rest of the time he took care of himself, which wasn't too often.

He lay back and pulled the foreskin up over the head and stretched it back down a couple of times, spreading the fresh pre-cum over the length of his shaft. He thought back to younger days, and long forgotten memories rushed into his brain. An image that haunted him every time he let his thoughts wander began forming in the distance. It slowly materialized in the foreground. The image was that of his best friend, John Gaines, defensive tackle of the Wildcats, soaping himself in the locker room showers after practice. Every day Tom would eagerly watch John explore every inch of his beautiful body with his soapy hands and wish that those had been *his* hands running over those solid muscles built up from years of discipline and hard work. Tom had loved John more than any other human being he'd ever known.

The young men had grown up together in

Fairborn and attended Lake University together—John always one year ahead of Tom. They had even gone to the Army Air Force recruiting center to enlist together during the early part of John's senior year. John was accepted, but Tom was turned down because he needed glasses. Tough luck, he was told, but he could help his country at home by staying in school and graduating. Some consolation that was!

John and Tom had often double-dated, especially on the night before John left for basic training. Tom could remember making out in the front seat with his date. He watched John in the back seat as he spread his girl's legs apart and propped them high above her head. John plunged his nine hot, thick inches deep inside the girl, pulling out all the way to the head, then plunging in again and again, going deeper every time.

"God, how I wish it had been me there under John!" blurted Tom, his right hand barely fitting around his cock, while two fingers on his left hand explored the hole he would've gladly surrendered to John. "Hold me down, John. Pin my legs back! No, I won't fight back. I won't resist. I'd let him in me and I'd let him fuck me, his hard stiff prick pounding my tight, willing ass. Pounding! Pounding harder! Harder! Faster! FASTER!" chanted Tom. "I want every inch of that man inside me!"

The tight hotness of his eager ass opened up to allow two moistened fingers to enter, finally contracting around the firm fullness. Tom imagined John riding him, seductively stabbing his steaming shaftway with his white-hot poker, sending shuddering spasms into his groin. His own tool, now painfully engorged to rock-like hardness, looked twice its full size. "Let me feel you deep inside me," commanded Tom. "Deeper!"

He jacked his stiff prick up and down, harder and harder, as his fingers dug deeper into his rectum, stretching his sphincter out of the way to make room for John's welcome intrusion. The aroma of fresh public sweat mixed with the smell of a man's odor reached Tom's nostrils. "Fuck me, John! I'm begging you! Fuck me! Harder! Harder! I want you. I love you. I love you, John!"

Gasping and grunting, Tom's body writhed in both pleasure and pain on the hard floor. Perspiration beaded his forehead while his damp chest heaved up and down rhythmically. His balls slipped around in his sweat-soaked crotch, while his middle three fingers buried themselves to the knuckles in the depth of his asshole. Unconsciously weeping, Tom's tears mixed with his sweat and ran down the sides of his face in tiny rivulets. "Aaahhhhhoooohhhhhuuuuuhhhh!..

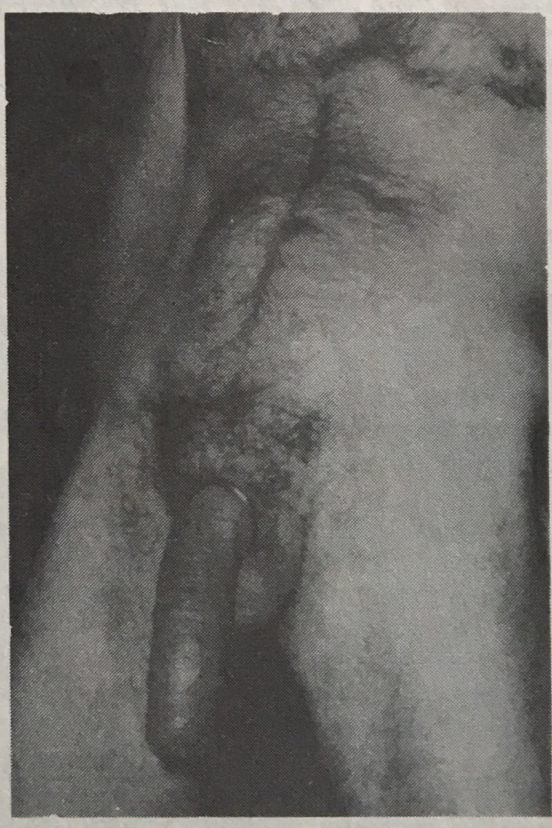
Powerful leg muscles thrust his hips high into the air at the same time a low growl erupted from deep inside his soul. His dry throat was silent as his parched lips formed John's name over and over. Suddenly, as if on command, Tom withdrew his fingers and grabbed as much of his balls as he could. Large globs of thick, white semen gushed out of his cock and landed all over his belly. The white stream subsided only when his swollen nuts had released every last drop they could possibly hold.

Tom's arched back gave out and his ass hit the floor with a thud. His quivering hands spread the white cream up from his abdomen over his chest. He lay still, legs weak, asshole aching, balls drained, cock limp, belly dripping, hands becoming still, resting upon damp pectorals--a spent body heaped in a pile on the floor.

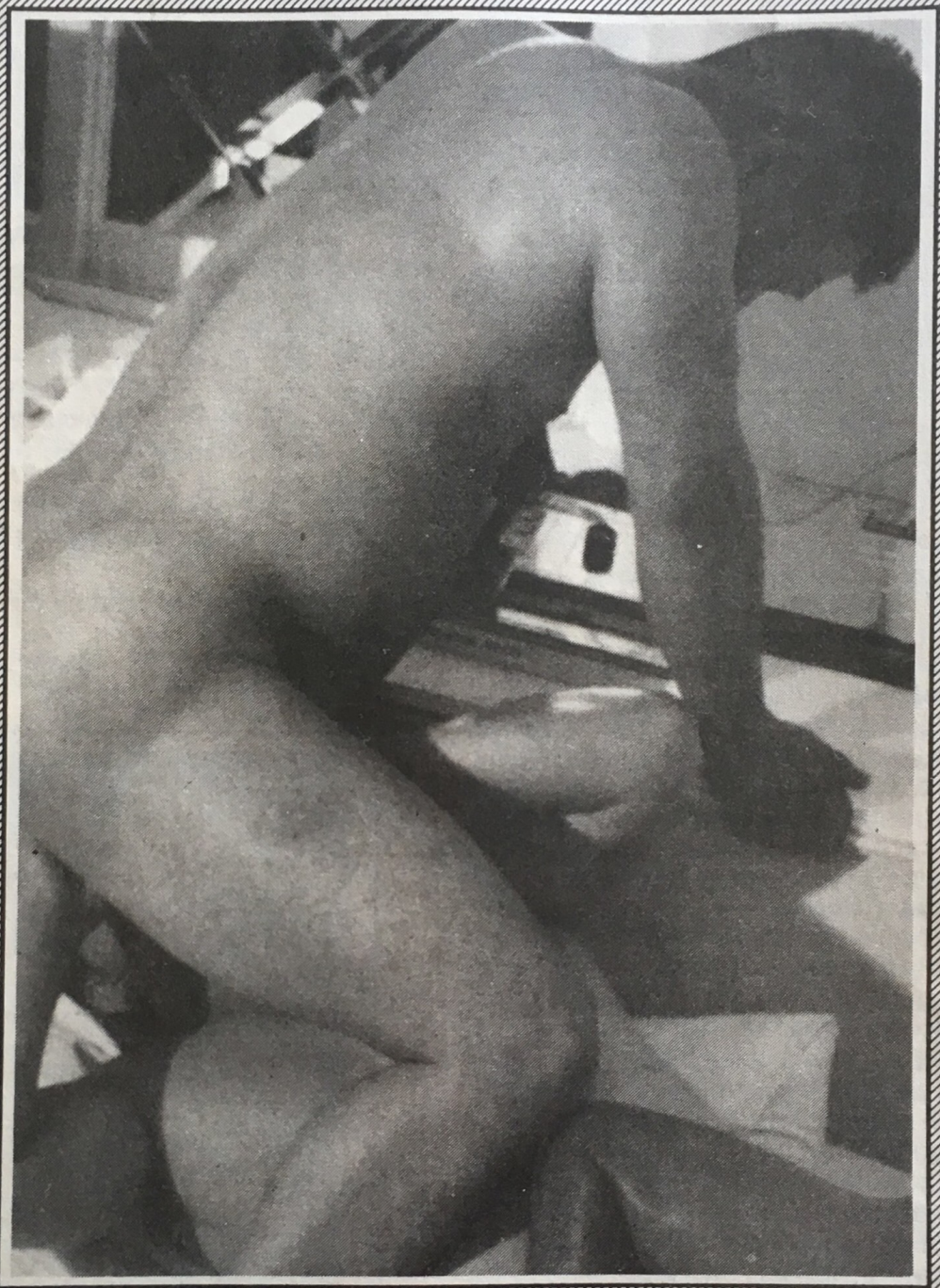
A car door slammed. Tom awoke from a restful sleep with a start. He struggled to lift himself off the floor, pulling his trousers up with one hand and gathering up the yearbook with the other. A yellowed clipping from the July 26, 1944 *Fairborn Examiner* fell from the back of the book and floated to the floor. Tom stared at the headlines blankly. The shock and sadness that overtook him the first time he read it gripped him again:

LOCAL AIRMAN MISSING IN ACTION . . .
B17 SHOT DOWN OVER GERMANY

The rest of the printing on the page became a blur as the tears welled in Tom's eyes. He gently touched the picture accompanying the story—the same picture from the yearbook. □



DICK FILLER by Kent Justice



MORE GUYS AT SAMSON

THE POETRY OF ROYCE

GRAY HUNK WALING ACROSS CAMPUS

Like equus in man-form, shoulders
Hunched, eyes grazing lustily on
Blades of human grass, he stalks
Across concrete meadow lands; shaggy
Brows, fog-dyed hair, this avatar of
Dark gods of rut.
Coiled snugly in faded Calvin's, denim
Caves, a retracted serpent
Writhes within a vast forest of
Gray trees.
Loins capable of tearing apart the
Innocent propel this demi-urge, shuddering
To release fire.
Haunches quiver and shiver as he imagines
Almost sacrificial victims which lie before
Him in his mind's eye, submitting to the tender
Pain of his flesh's dedicated knife.
And the eyes?
They recline atop this human
Temple, promising communion.

THE POETRY OF P.H. COLLEY

LAGOON

The rapids are past; I gently float upon
Emerald water, lazily drifting through
Lush, ageless flora, squinting at the patterns
Of sunlight, filtering down from the high
Canopy above. I hear the
Cacophony of brightly colored birds, feel
A slick, warm body pressing against mine.
Strong arms lift me from the water.
A loving, rich voice bids me welcome
To this final lagoon.

THE POETRY OF TOM HORNER

I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE

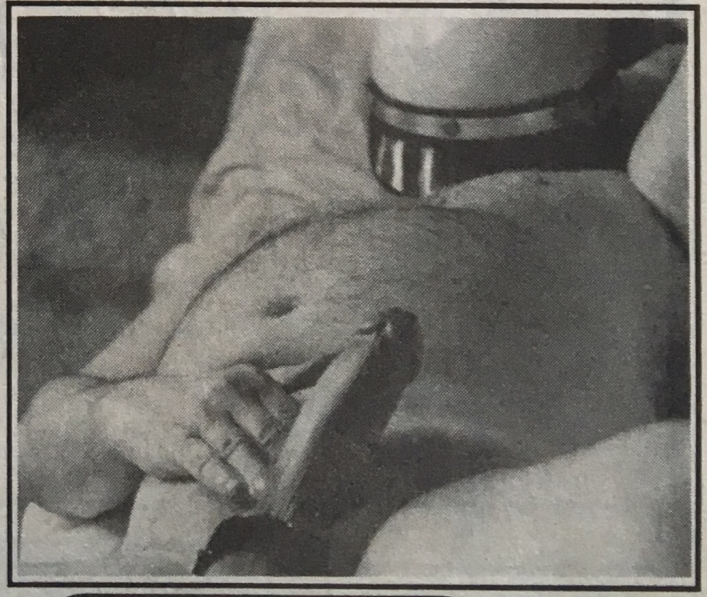
I'll sit on your face,
If you want me to;
Or kiss your crease,
If you like that too.

I'll blow your ear,
If I want to;
Then cook your dinner—
And mine too.

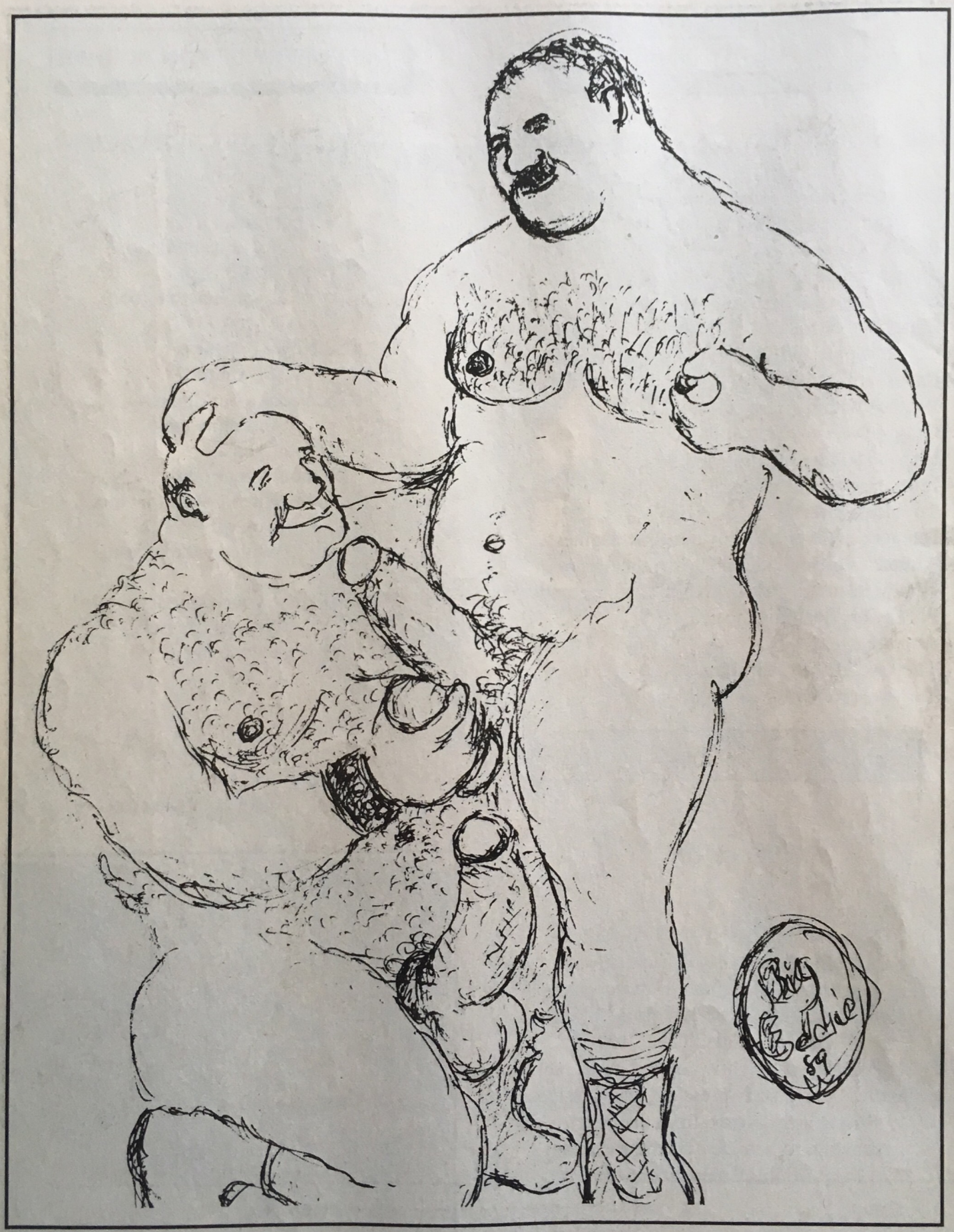
I'll mount your butt
When I want that too,
And get you off
While inside of you.

I'll nurse your wounds
With tender care;
Whatever your need,
I'll be there.

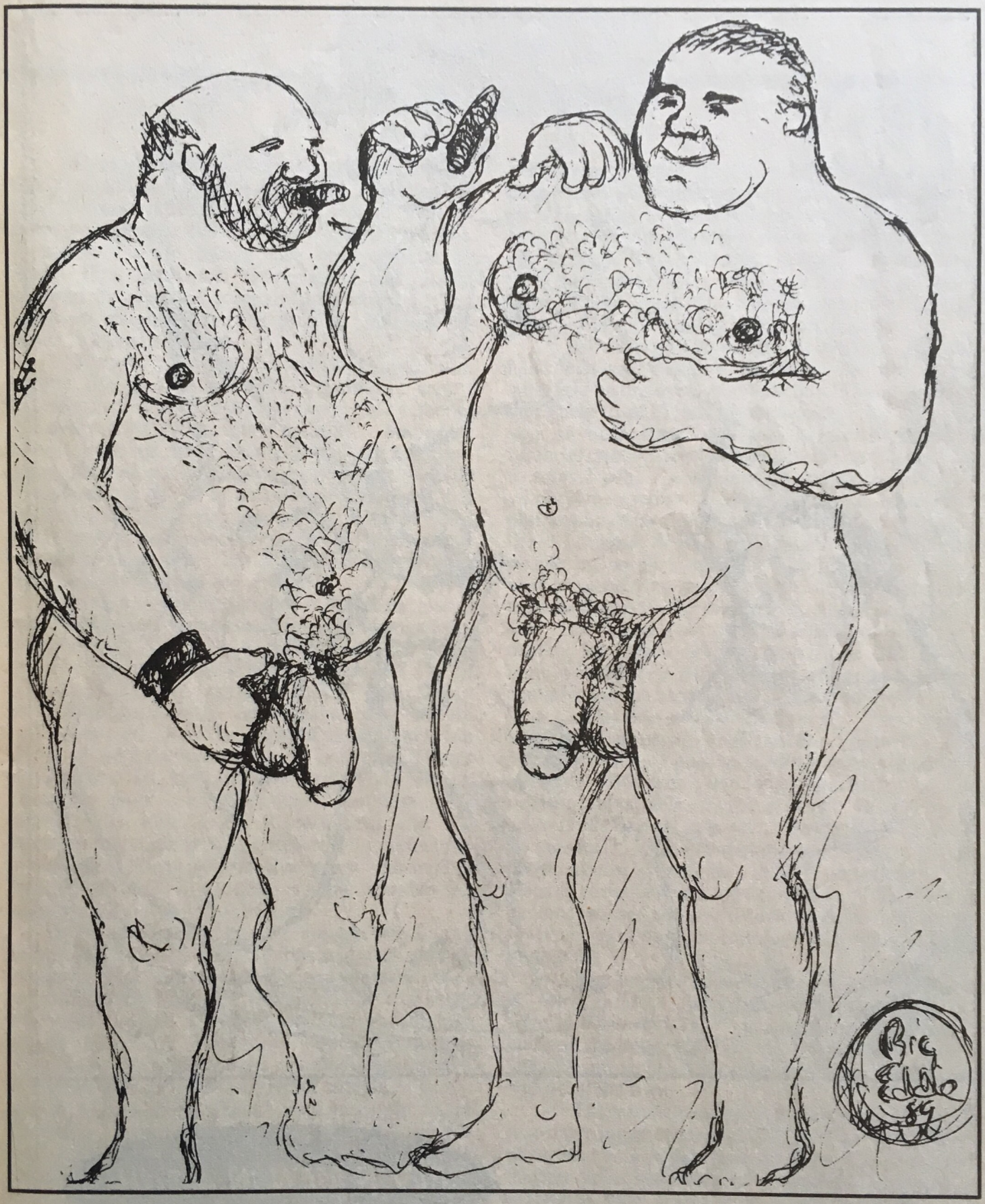
I'll make you mine,
Even marry you.
Forever and ever,
If we both want to.



DICK FILLER by P.H. COLLEY



A FRIENDLY SQUEEZE



TWO DOLLAR CIGARS

FOUR MEN IN A TUB

XYLOPHANG

Have you ever wondered why things don't get totally out of hand and stay that way? I can just see some impoverished 70-year-old Polish peasant shaking his head at that one. He would tell me that, throughout his life, things have been consistently bleak. First there was Hitler, then came Stalin, followed by years of communist oppression. But things *do* change—even for Poland. Witness the events in Eastern Europe.

Somehow, things eventually balance out. Maybe that's why all U.S. presidents aren't Republican. For every conservative, there's a liberal. For every communist, ther's a fascist. For every asshole, a prince. Birth, death, good, bad, innocent, guilty, rational, irrational. Maybe this is the way life is supposed to be. It is unfortunate, however, that factions aren't *uniformly* evened out. That 70-year-old Pole is probably wondering where all this new rationality came from, but it was there all along--repressed, but *there* in any event.

And how about sexuality? Are there just as many exclusively homosexual people as exclusively heterosexual? I believe so. But what of the vast majority in between somewhere? When we talk of communist/fascist, asshole/prince, exclusively homosexual/exclusively heterosexual, etc., we are highlighting extremes. But most of us aren't extreme anything; we exist somewhere in between. Things still balance out, though. For every right-leaning Democrat, there is a left-leaning Republican. For every male who is 3/4 homosexual and 1/4 heterosexual, there is a counterpart who prefers the inverse ratio. For every man who has sex with another man once in his lifetime, there is a man who has sex with a woman once in his lifetime.

The problem is that we humans are always being ruled by extremists. There are just not enough moderates who want to lead. We men who seek male-to-male relationships look for leadership from some benevolent source which understands our diverse sexual tastes, but find none. Both the current homophbobic powers and the gay media would have us believe that we have to be either straight or gay—that there is no middle ground. And here is the factor that renders so many of us helpless. We *believe* this rank bull shit. The "powers" from both sides intimidate us into silence.

Until CHIRON RISING came along, I thought I was a leper. I was intimidated; *never* would I admit to liking older men. For years the gay press has insisted that 1) I am "gay" by virtue of the fact that I like to have sex with other men (strikes one and two), and 2) I am a pariah because I choose to have that male-to-male sex with (shudder) *older men* (strike three, you're out!). This extremism succeeds in paralyzing us to the extent that we don't trust our own guidance through this maze of contadictions, lies, hatred, bigotry and self loathing. Enter my theory.

Life is a lot like poker. You have to play the hand dealt you. You do it on your own, mostly, doing what you instinctively know is right for you—with a lot of help from friends who have a positive effect on you. If you're smart, you won't helplessly reach out for those crutches extended you by the ones who want to control you. In my opinion, organized religion, witchcraft, voodoo, astrology and the latest cult philosophy cannot guide a true thinking man through life. To some degree, they might work for most people, but not for a spiritually mature person : If you wish to spend your entire life allowing someone else to make decisions for you, then go ahead and choose one. But if you want to be in charge of your own destiny, you'd best call your own shots. You have a brain; you don't need instructions written by someone centuries ago on how to live your life in 1990.

Do you want deliverance? Then purge yourself of all negative influences. You won't find peace by inflicting guilt on others or dwelling on past mistakes. You won't live long if you harbor hatred, because it invariable eats you up inside. How will you know if this "purge" approach is working? Well, how do you feel? If you're sincere, you'll begin to feel better almost overnight. You'll experience less disease, stress, anxiety and depression. Your life will become focused and you'll begin to sense your reason for being (no I'm not an atheist--I'm just not married to dogma).

You are the master of your destiny. And what is "you?" Is it soul, collective subconscious, guardian angel? Whatever it is, it's incredibly powerful and it holds all the keys. If you listen to it and wipe out the negative influences, your answers will come. A finger will point the way.

There must be a rational reason for why there is so much injustice and evil in this world. When I hear of babies dying of starvation or AIDS, I'm convinced that the spirit continues on to another incarnation--otherwise, there would be no reason for living.

There is reason and order in this universe.

I can feel it. □

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F. Sach, MD
octology

← Elevators

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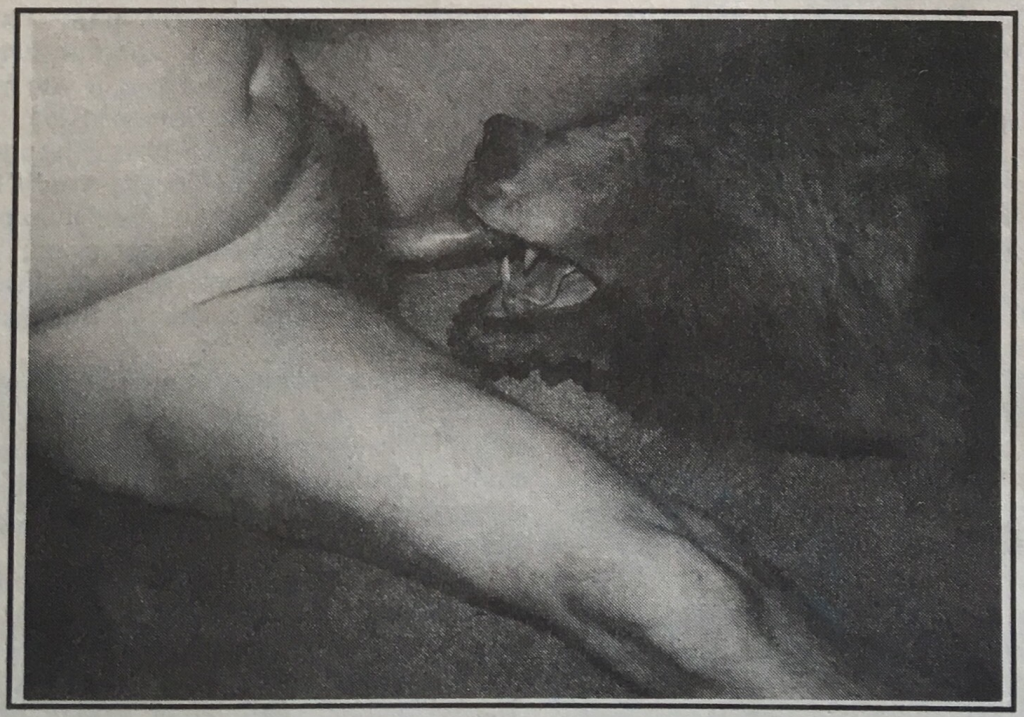
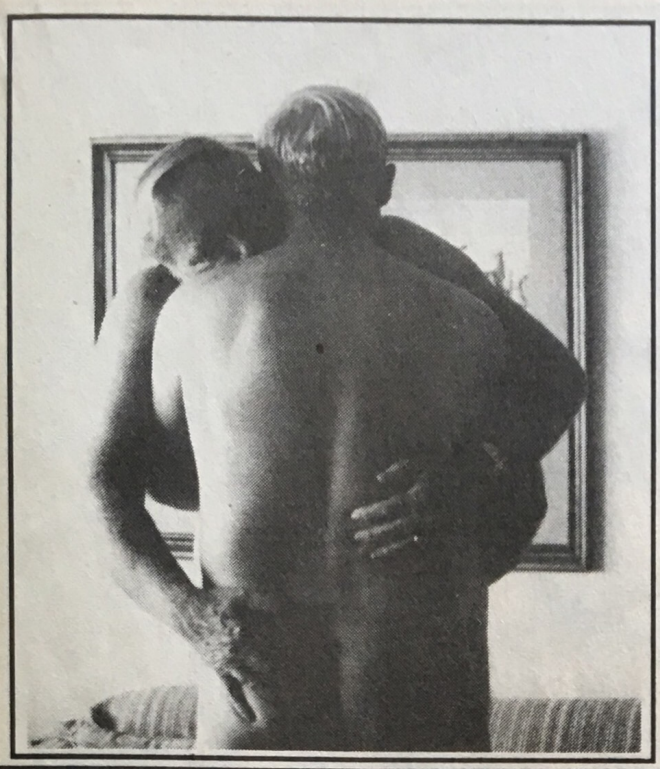
"We'll have you up in no time!"

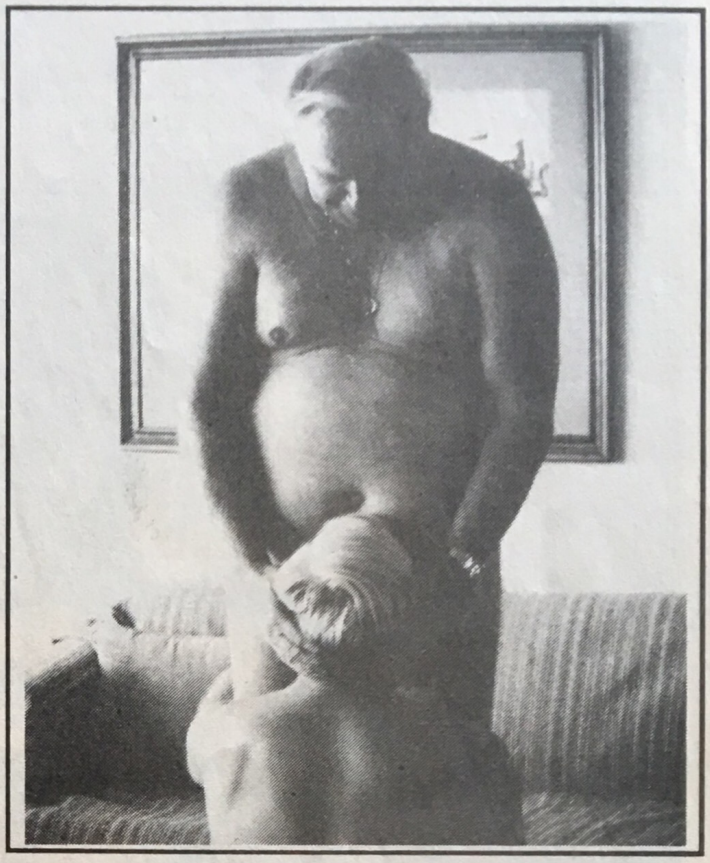
SYRINX

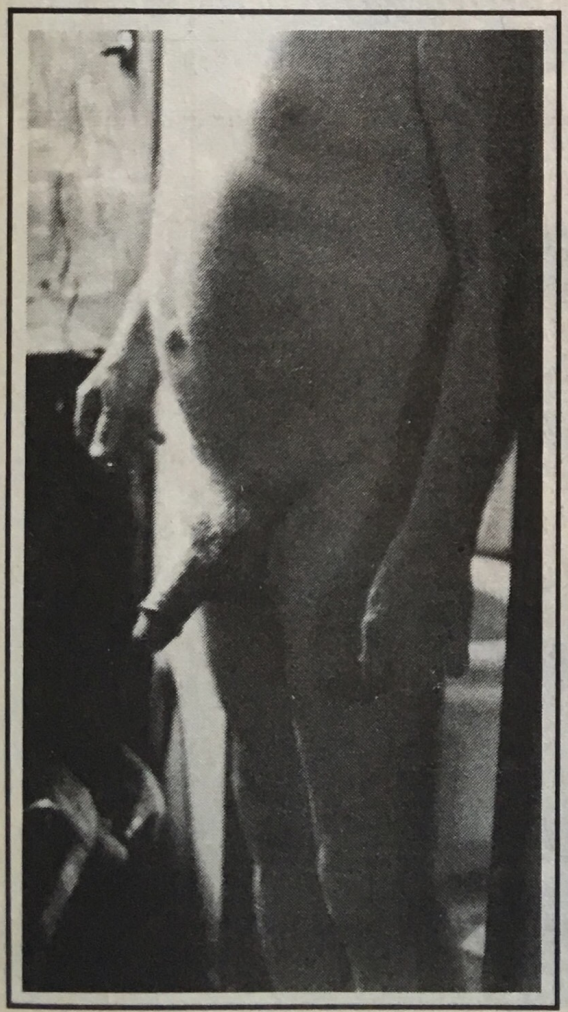


DICK FILLER . . . *OUCH!*



BIG MAC AND FRIEND . . .photos by P.H. Colley





FARMER ED . . .
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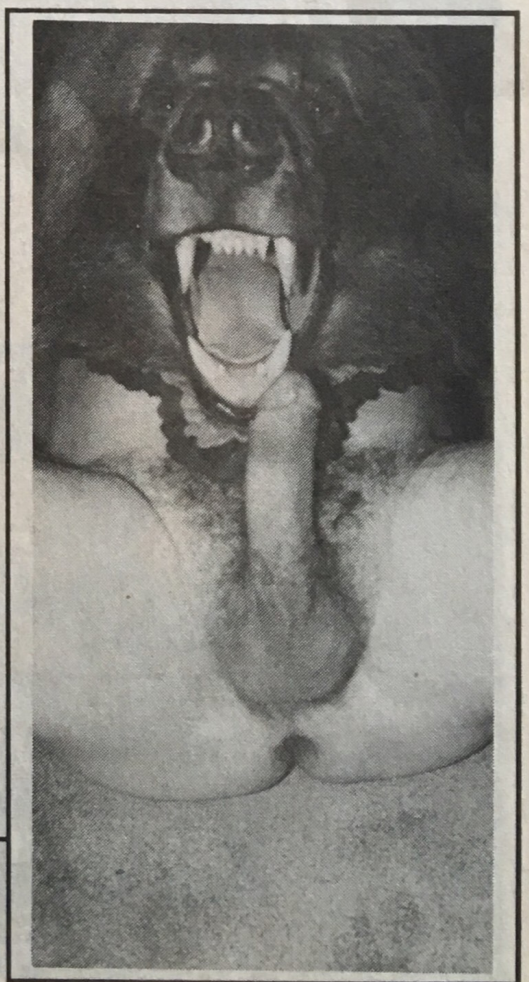
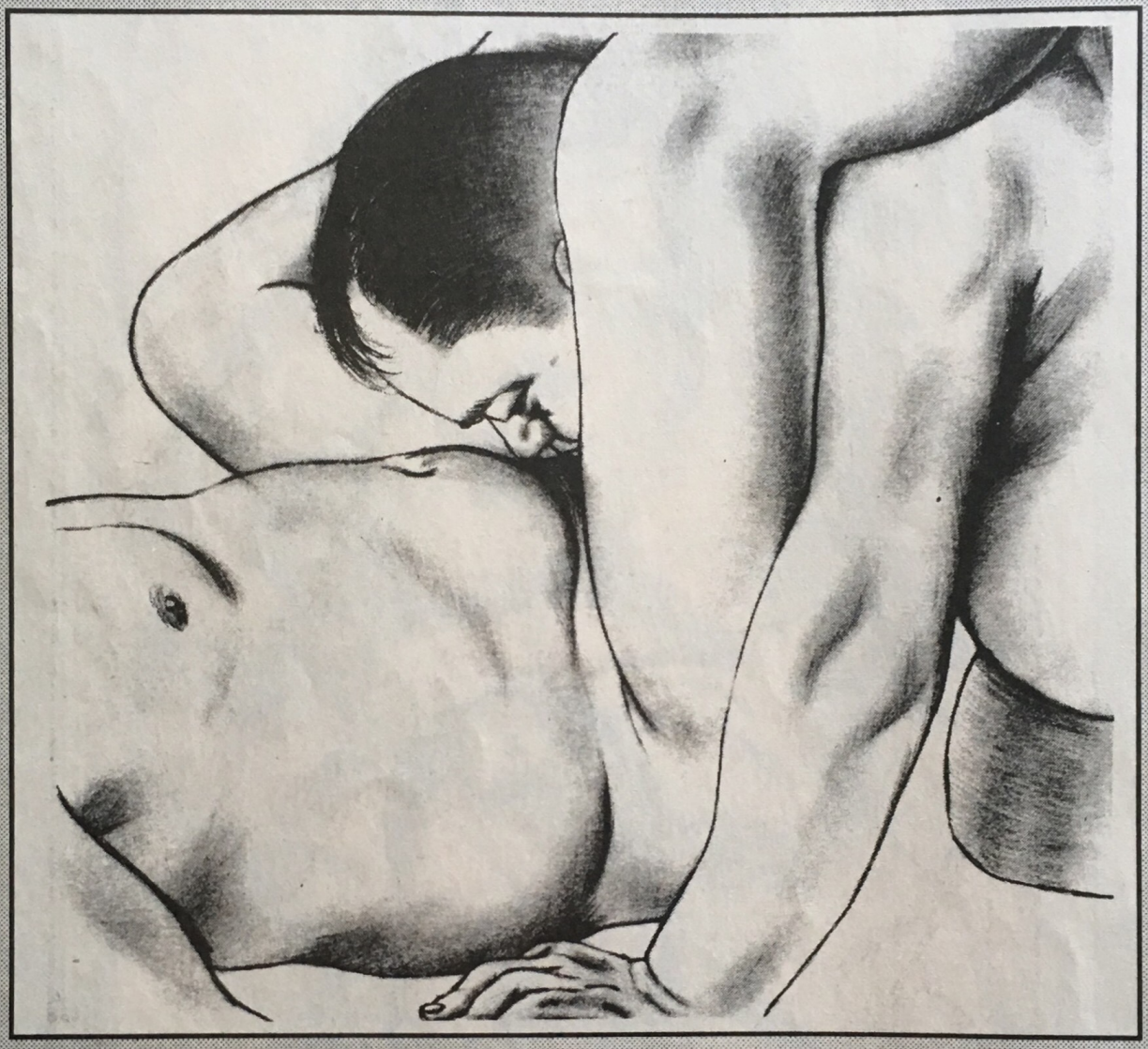
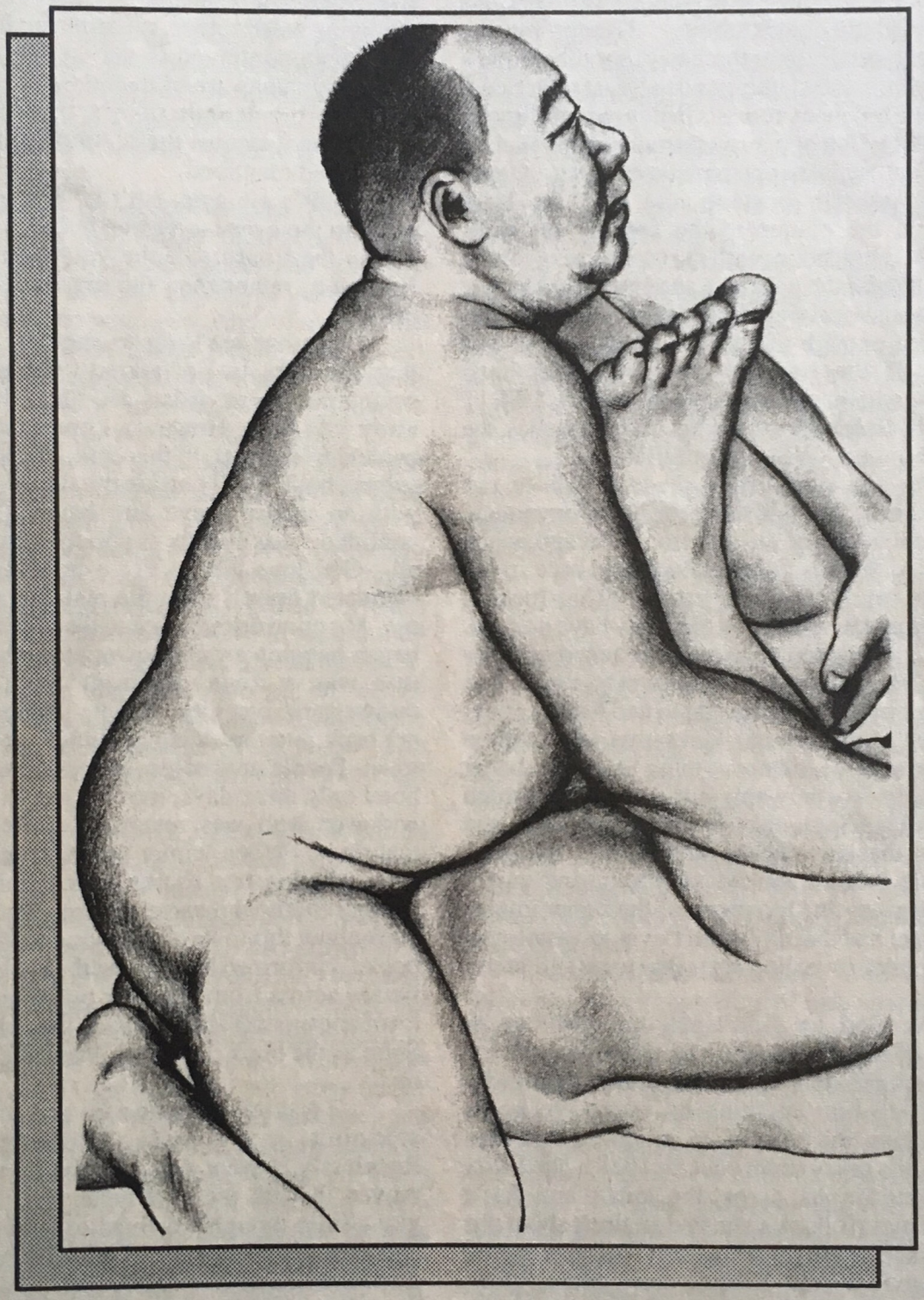


DICK
FILLER
GROWL

ARTWORK FROM SAMSON





RESTRICTED AREA . . . fiction by PUG SNIDER

Down by the court house, facing the village green, there is a life-size bronze replica of a well-muscled young man whose spectacular hard-on points directly toward the clock tower. Except for the occasional pigeon, finding the handy protuberance a convenient perch, the statue stands almost unnoticed. We don't draw too many tourists in this part of Illinois, but I can recall a Chicago businessman who braked to a halt, got out and snapped pictures from several angles, then paused to stoop and read the brief inscription on the plaque at the feet of our well-endowed boy. High noon, with the sun glinting off the head of that handsome pecker, a stranger could hardly ignore our local work of art, but this particular traveler was interested enough to check further. He pushed back some of the ivy and marigolds that half-concealed the weathered lettering which read: USE IT OR LOSE IT! Below this warning, in small italics, the message continued: WE almost DID!

Off to one side, in the shade of one of our magnificent elms, I lay finishing the last of my lunch, watching the reaction of the guy from Chicago, when he spotted me. By this time my cock was back in my pants though my fly was still open. (That fucking statue always makes me horny.) He may have noticed. Maybe not. But I zipped up as he approached my little picnic spot. Nearing me, his basket at eye-level, it was immediately obvious that the statue had had an effect on our visitor's tumescence. Questions were written all over his attractive, tanned, young face. He, being a preppy twenty-five or twenty-six, probably regarded me as The Village Sage, old enough to supply answers to the enigma that was clearly baffling him. As I said, the cute little bastard looked so young and eager. Village Sage gives one too much of the father image. I was glad that I had that day worn Levis and a not-too-fatherly knit shirt, revealing arms that were still pretty good.

Thank God he didn't call me "Sir" as he hunched down closer, or I might have been tempted to tell him to fuck off and go find Grampa Noonan, who could really tell him anything he wanted to know about the statue, the plaque, or anything else that happened in this crazy town back in 1987. The *Daily Bulletin* offices are just across the square and that's where I send most folks who have questions about our town. That is, most folks who don't look interesting or cute enough to warrant sitting a spell, getting cozy, and enjoying what I am able to impart about the goings-on around these parts in the old days. (God, that makes me sound ancient—something I never *feel*, probably because, heeding the plaque's admonition, I have always believed in using it rather than losing it.)

"Unusual and a little overwhelming, wouldn't you say?" and his gaze returned to the masterpiece looming over us. Before I answered, I let myself be overwhelmed by the hardly-concealed proportions of the living masterpiece, squatting inches from my face. My friend continued to survey the massive bronze, apparently unaware of the fact that his hand was idly stroking the length of his own cock as though measuring it against the sculptor's life-like depiction of aroused manhood.

"It's a biggie, isn't it?" I ventured, referring more to the ever-increasing bulge, alive and moving within the trousers of the youngster's neat summer linen suit, rather than the exposed genitals of hard metal.

As one art lover to another—and I was sure that we were two-of-a-kind—we both agreed that sometimes these artists let their imaginations run away with them. However, I was quick to reassure my cynical friend that, in this case, the sculptor knew his subject both in and outside the studio—intimately and with an unerring eye and hand. "The model," I confided, "was exactly as you see him here—balls and all—God love him." For a brief moment I almost distracted myself from the real-life attraction before me. My mind drifted back to that fall when Voss Tilbo began hanging around town, attracted by stories that this was a town different from your average midwestern river city. People were just beginning to get back into the swing of things. It was his kind of town. People invited him everywhere. He lived in the hotel only three days, moving out to live with a rich widower who was restoring one of the old river mansions. When winter set in, he moved back into town, sharing two rooms over the drugstore with a college chum who came up from St. Louis to write a book about this town and its strange inhabitants. "The book," I informed him, "is on the shelves of the public library across from the bank over there. It contains a lot of untrue stuff about Voss Tilbo. Mean little things. Soon as the book came out, Voss and the author split up."

I was telling quite a lot and I could see wheels spinning in my young friend's pretty head. Recklessly, I went on: "Come spring, Voss Tilbo moved in with me." Whenever I talked about the guy—even though we lived together all that spring and most of the summer—I felt like I was talking about someone I'd only read about in a book. Not that book his college buddy wrote. Fuck *that* shit. I mean just some book you might pick up. I guess that's why I referred to him as most people did—Voss Tilbo—rather than just plain Voss. I got misty-eyed and gave it away.

I shouldn't have been surprised when Preppy

asked, "Are you—and was Voss Tilbo—gay?"

A question like that can often hang like a lead balloon, but I like fair and square answers. So I explained, "Gay is a word we haven't used around these parts for a long time." And my friend looked at me funny, and I felt that maybe he thought I was trying to evade the issue. By this time he was sitting comfortably beside me, tie and coat removed, in the process of slipping out of his nicely polished loafers. Preppy, like most young people of the day, had a way of coming to the point. He said, "Let me rephrase it. Were you guys lovers?"

"I like to think we were more than that," and I allowed that to sink in. Heavy drama is not my specialty, so I decided to be honest and told my interrogator, "Voss Tilbo and the mayor were lovers. And then there was the widower. And, of course, the lifeguard out at Paradise Island Beach down river. And, finally, the sculptor who was commissioned to do the statue—sort of in honor of the town's renaissance—in time for the big celebration."

"What were you celebrating, may I ask?" and by now he had gotten himself so cozy, blond head resting on one arm, facing me. I felt like were were a couple of Boy Scouts sharing secrets after lights out.

"You ask what were we celebrating?" and I looked at him closer and realized that he had not heard about us—the more than twenty-five thousand men like myself who had lived ten years behind the fence. It was hard to believe that there were still citizens of the United States who, though they knew all about the old *wall* in Berlin, were unaware of the *fence*—The Fence of Shame--which enclosed an entire town right here in Illinois.

The man's ignorance of a great terrible period in our history was partly explained when he informed me that before moving to Chicago he had lived in Australia. I enlightened him, using the simplest terms, realizing that here was a visitor who had grown up in a country essentially untouched by AIDS. And now, unless a person had lost a friend or a relative, not many Americans remember what the initials stood for.

I started at the very beginning. When I was certified, marked with the number I still carry on my wrist, shipped out of my native San Francisco, and forced into an artificial community among others of my kind. The quarantine area, snidely dubbed "Boys Town," had originally been a thriving farm community. It failed in the the late eighties, became a ghost town, and was then revived to serve us who might endanger the rest of the population.

He listened quietly, with awed respect, but I detected the feeling that he was checking me out—as one might look for the signs of a leper. Without seeming immodest, I must admit that what he saw was a man who—although some years older than himself—more than matched his own vigorous well-being and clear-eyed zest for life.

"But . . . but you're the picture of health," he stammered. "And the rest of you. Like those men across the square, assembling those bleachers. The guys at the Shell station who changed my tire. The druggist who sold me these sun glasses. You all look like Olympic material!"

"Strange, isn't it?" and I thought back to the early days when we all seemed doomed. "If you came in via the interstate, you must have noticed acres and acres of rhubarb."

"I must have seen it, but I didn't know what it was. I'm a city boy." Rhubarb must have seemed like a digression in my lecture on the weighty subject at hand and his face showed it.

"We lived on rhubarb. All of us. Me, I always loved the stuff, although plenty of guys had to learn how good it can be. The corn was no good. Neither was the cabbage. Beef, we rarely saw. The river provided catfish and that was already another of my favorites. It's laughable that it took the surgeon general and all those doctors so long to figure out how come we weren't all dead after six or seven years. The answer was too simple. Rhubarb and catfish." And I couldn't help but add, "And all the sex we could handle!"

My listener was impressed. I could tell by the look in his eyes. It was not so much the weird diet but the picture of a town full of men—all gay and without responsibility—indulging in a nonstop, lawless orgy.

I had piqued his baser instincts, but I had to set him straight. "Simmer down, boy," I cautioned. "It wasn't that way right at the very beginning. In fact, the first year or so, nobody even thought about getting it on. Most of us suckers were so fucking depressed and rundown that all we wanted to do was curl up and go to sleep and never wake up. There were nuts who would have gladly cut off their own cocks. After all, it was their cocks that had gotten them into this lousy state of affairs."

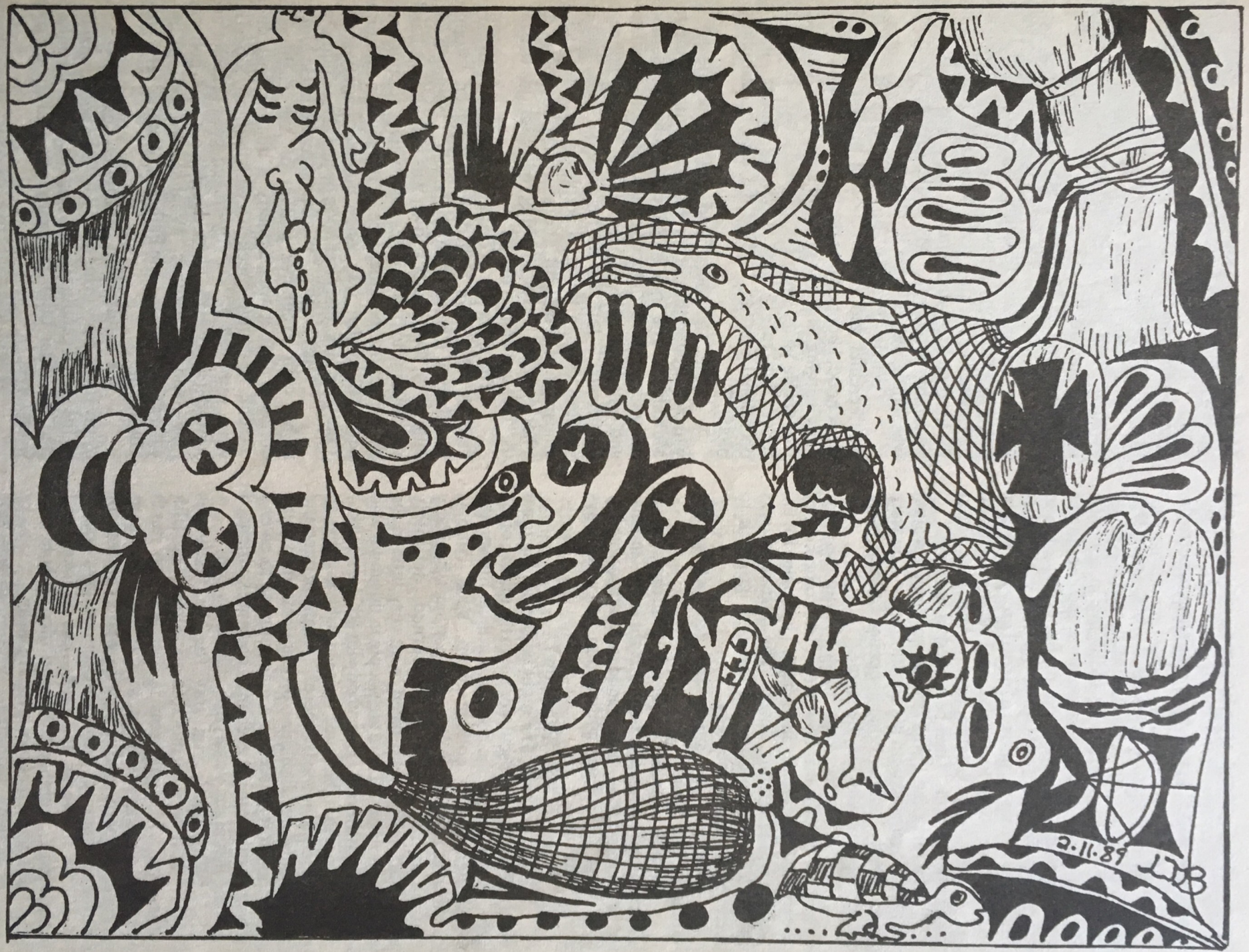
"Who looked after you? Who was in charge? Who ran a town consisting of men who just wanted to sleep?" His questions poured out.

"Nobody wanted to come in from outside and work here. The government was willing to pay decent wages, but there were no takers. Well, people were not willing to work among the contaminated. Fortunately our assorted group contained a cross section of great variety. We had nurses—male, of course—three doctors, a couple of policemen, I don't know how many *firemen*, lawyers, bankers, barbers, and thank God, a handful of smart farmers! Those who were on Social Security wisely pooled their monthly checks under the supervision of a banker from Houston. We had our pick of abandoned houses so there was no rent to worry about. Just ourselves. And what was going to happen."

The statue of Voss Tilbo and the

Continued - Page 24

MORE ARTWORK FROM SAMSON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accompanying plaque still lingered, so I was not surprised when my friend inquired, "When did sex rear its ugly head?" I guess he was anxious to get to the good parts.

"After a year of good, hard work, smog-free climate, a limited but rewarding diet, and a pent-up libido, we began pairing off, indulging in a vanilla kind of sex-play that was as romantic and exciting as anything that ever went on in the baths of San Francisco or the toilets of Grand Central. When Voss Tilbo came to join us, part of a funded group of writers who were supposed to "study" us, I set my sights on him. *Everybody* wanted him. And just about *everybody* had him. Then he settled in with me."

By this time I was crying, so Preppy waited before he continued with his questioning: "You were lovers. Really lovers. What happened? did he leave you for the guy who did the statue?"

"I don't know why I'm slobbering this way. We had six months that now seems like some kind of a dream that never really happened. I had plans for us. The fence was coming down. The quarantine was lifted. We were all free to leave--to go back to wherever we had come from."

"Weren't you anxious to get back to San Francisco?" he asked.

"I didn't care if I never saw California again. All I dreamed about was staying right here—in what had been my prison—in this sudden paradise with my lover, Voss Tilbo. Even without him, this will always be my home now."

"Where is Voss Tilbo now?"

"Who knows? The night before our big town celebration, he and the sculptor left in the middle of the night. According to the book in our local library, the one written by his college chum, Voss Tilbo is described as a money-grubbing opportunist, basically straight as far as sex is concerned, definitely narcissistic, selfish, two-faced, with very little in the brains department. There are people in this town who will tell you different. Everybody loved Voss Tilbo."

"Now that the fence is down, why is it that all you people continue to live here?" A hand in mine and an arm around my shoulder—probably meant as some kind of comfort offered to a man refusing to enter a lifeboat—stirred in me a feeling I had not experienced since the last night Voss Tilbo shared my bed.

"Why don't you stay for the festivities tonight? It'll be a memorable occasion. Our fifth anniversary. My only fear is that with too much publicity, outsiders will get wind of the place, start buying up property, and change the whole character of our little community. Why don't you see for yourself? There'll be fireworks and love—lots of love—and rhubarb pie." I grabbed him and tried to hold him close, but I could feel him slipping away.

A brawny workman—I think it was Jeff McKenzie—made it clear that we were obstructing the lawn where they were trying to set up the speakers' stand. Red, white and blue bunting was being festooned around the statue, and trucks were hauling in instruments and chairs for the band.

"I wish I could stay. It sounds like a big evening," and my friend was brushing himself off, heading toward his shiny little convertible. "But I have to be in Des Moines by six o'clock."

He was nice. He was a little like Voss Tilbo. He was just passing through. But damned if I were going to let this one get away. As a liberated man who had spent five fucking years behind the fence fighting for his own life—and winning it—I was ready for my honorable discharge. My cock, stronger than ever, was telling me, "Go for it, man, go for it!"

While Preppy busied himself with a handkerchief and a small glob of pigeon shit on the sleek hood, I hopped into the front seat and jingled the keys hanging from the ignition slot. God, it had been five whole years since I'd touched a car. Behind the fence, we rarely saw anything racier than an occasional Pontiac. "Mind if I take her around the block?"

"She's all yours," and sliding in beside me, we whizzed around the corner, narrowly missing big Jeff McKenzie. The look he gave me echoed his almost daily admonition: "Once you get back into circulation and quit moping over Voss Tilbo, you're gonna be dangerous!" Jeff, for all his massive bulk, had the smallest dick in town. Likable as hell, he had an amusing line of bullshit, a comforting philosophy, and a hot asshole. Never anything really serious between us. I waved and so did he.

The sheer joy of driving a super car carried us halfway out of town, right down to the river. I stopped just short of a patch of sandy beach. Looking back a mile or so, the old clock town was still visible, hands still pointing to five minutes past twelve. I commented on our handsome timepiece. "It's always noontime here. Been that way since nineteen-eighty-seven. Take your pick, just after noon or just after midnight."

"Must be nice," my friend replied. He looked at his own expensive gadget on the dashboard, observed that it was actually a quarter past three o'clock. he double-checked it with the fancy job on his wrist, removed the heavily-linked gold bracelet and stowed it away in the glove department. "To hell with time—and Des Moines. What say we cool off in—what do you call it—the Father of Waters? The great Mississippi?"

The exhilaration of driving—exceeded only by my first Chevy in high school—had been enhanced by the feel of genuine leather and the feel of the thinly-clad muscular thigh pressed close against my own worn Levis.

Within less than five seconds, those thighs encasing an easy-swinging dick and low-hanging

balls were lapped by the cool dark waters of our muddy river. In spite of the tanned face and arms, the true identity of the city man—office-worker, time-watcher—was revealed by the plaster whiteness of chest, belly, legs and ass. It was this last feature that is still so indelibly printed on my mind, stark-white buttocks, dimpled and tough, glistening with a mesh of fine blond hairs. Supported by those solid limbs, the upper torso suggested a truncated Apollo, escaped from the Vatican for a dip in the Tiber. But it was the unexpected hairiness of that statue-like figure and the noisy pleasure it took as the swift current slapped at its crotch that surpassed any marble god. The chilly water cause the surprised balls to retreat into a tight knot below the prow-like rod of rosy-pink flesh, now pointing directly down river, well above water level, still proud and dry and ever-hardening under the heat of the afternoon sun.

Once rid of my clumsy work boots, I splashed my way to his side, confident in my own nakedness. No statue me, but a good all-over tan covers a multitude of sins and more than once my daddy had told me, "Son, you ain't never gonna take no beauty prizes, but you got something that beats a pretty face. By the time I was fifteen, I knew what he meant. Two years later I had moved to San Francisco, where I met men who were even wiser than my dad.

We horsed around in the muddy water, catching hold of each other as the slimy bottom threatened to suck us down. The splashing and a few rough jabs were mainly to our mutual discovery of the pleasant fact that we were more than a match for each other. Then it was time to formally introduce ourselves: "I'm Martin," and "I'm Pug." Almost as if on cue, our handclasp unloosed and we each extended a hand downward to affirm the introduction with a friendly grip on the other's cock. What was it that was different about this man? This new stranger, Martin? This was no statue. This was a real man. Unlike Voss Tilbo, who had spent most of his life "posing" and accepting compliments on his classic attributes, here was a man who was more at home playing in the mud than standing stock-still—with or without a jock strap—waiting to be captured by a man with a chisel or a paint brush. Voss Tilbo had hated the water—especially muddy water—or too much sun.

A sandy beach is not the greatest place for a fuck. Yet, in spite of everything—even prying eyes on passing barges—we lost no time wrestling each other down on a secluded stretch of sugar-white beach where, because I outweighed him by a few pounds, I pinned Martin, straddled his white body, and let my own brown body rest atop him in victory. I felt like Huck Finn teaching Tom Sawyer about real life on the Mississippi. But no submissive Tom, this one. He arched up long enough to unseat me, then settled me back onto him, cock well out of the way, that hairy asshole shoved into line with my ready cock, juicy enough to enter him without benefit of even spit or KY.

It is hard to put into words an exact description of that unique sensation involved in the sometimes scary process of subduing a stranger, violating his most private territory, and then suddenly finding yourself captive as well as captor. The shock is visited not only upon the active flesh of the so-called victor, but upon his all-too-vulnerable mind. The brain quickens and awakens. A separate scenario was played out here. As we lay entwined, Martin's strong legs locking me with just enough force to communicate our oneness as a kind of perfect machine, the initial flash-back of my lying this way with Voss Tilbo faded until his shadow disappeared entirely. How right you were, Jeff McKenzie, predicting that someday, once I had erased Voss Tilbo, this complicated coupling could begin to have substance and meaning beyond "getting one's rocks off."

Martin was with me every inch of the way. The slightest retreat, followed by an immediate advance, translated itself into a spasm of deeply-felt appreciation accompanied by decidedly vocal demands for more of the same. Not mere "directions" or an attempt to "run the show" but rather part of a running conversation in which the two of us could express surprise at the unutterable harmony and rightness of what was happening inside him as my cock seemed to expand in an effort to reach out to the effusive welcome that met each probe or occasional resting period. I couldn't help but contrast the frantic minute or two within Voss Tilbo as opposed to this lazy, effortless, seemingly endless journey of fellow travellers careless of any particular destination. My only signpost—and I was in a good position to appreciate its message—was Martin's ever-swelling cock, inches from my nose. When its lip opened to expel a series of wet, white jets coating chest hair and chin and bringing that tell-tale aroma to my starved nostrils, I knew we had reached our destination, and I landed with a sure stroke of my oar. Withdrawing my cock from its river of pure delight, I let it rest between Martin's legs. Our cocks, slippery wet and still hard, mingled between hairy thighs as, finally, their owners concentrated wholly on the beautiful communication that is perhaps responsible for the expression "speaking in a foreign tongue" and seeking answers in a strange pair of eyes.

We dozed—or pretended to—for a full five minutes when we were alerted by the distant sound of fireworks. In the beginning dusk there were bursts of shooting stars and brilliant red and blue and gold. The festivities had begun.

With an urgency that made me realize that Martin was, after all, your typical yuppie, ever-mindful of the fact that time is money, he retrieved his

watch, slipped into his nice linen suit. I was sad. But only for a few seconds. Half-dressed, my work boots unlaced, cock all sandy, I was pushed into the driver's seat. "You can drive, but remember there's a speed limit now."

I kept it down to fifty-five all the way to Des Moines.

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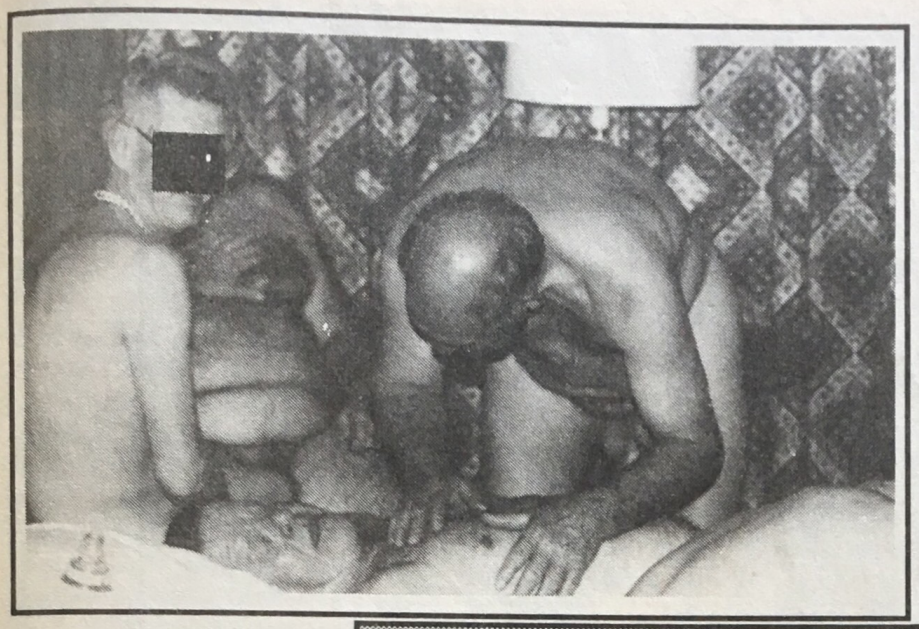
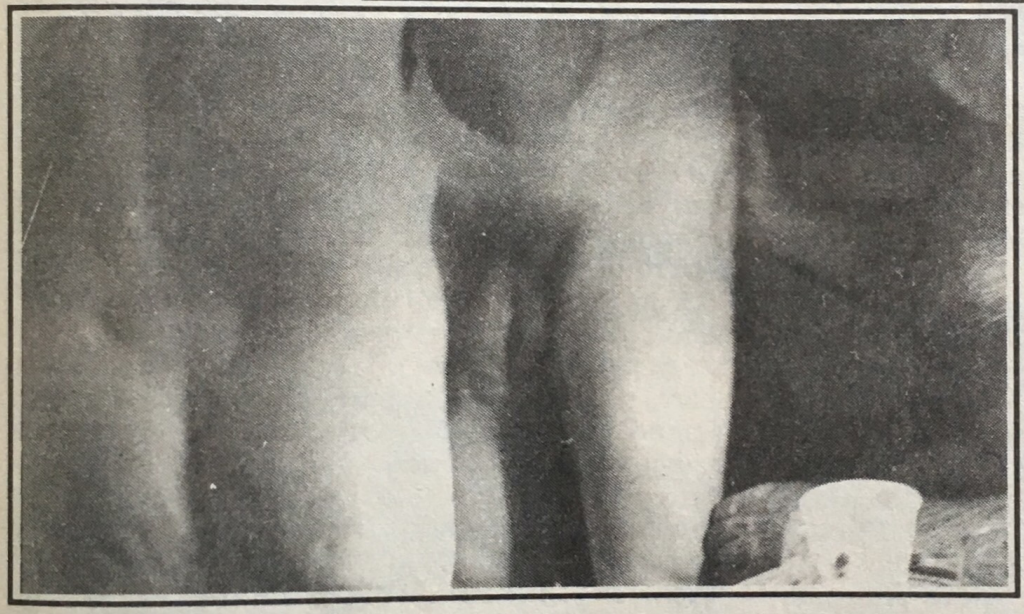
SUNDAY BRUNCH



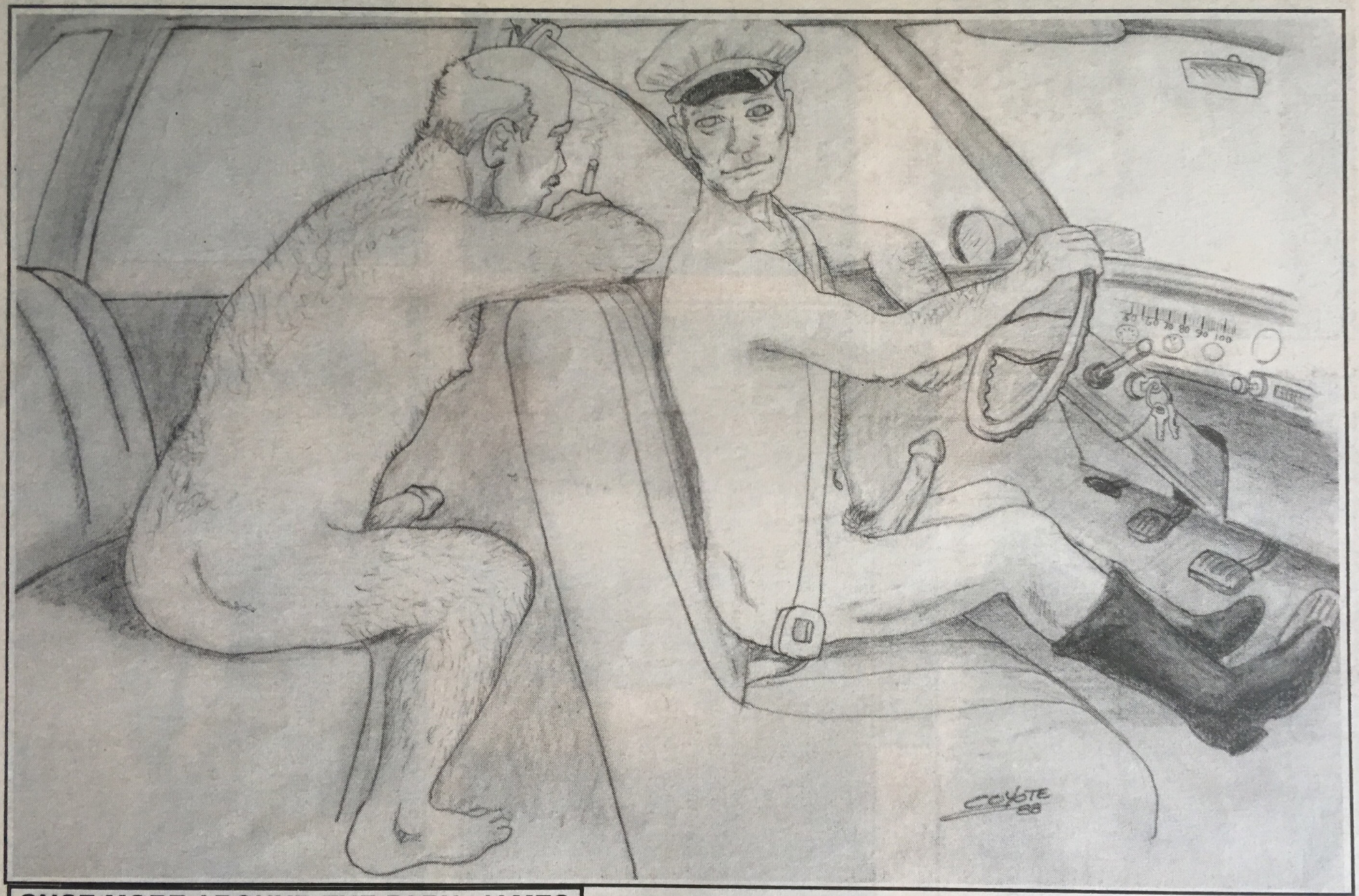
MARDI GRAS MADNESS



WITH

**KENT JUSTICE,
IRONWORKER,
COURT JESTER,
THE FRIAR and
THE COLONEL**

**photos by
P.H. Colley**



ONCE MORE AROUND THE PARK, JAMES

WHEN LIGHTNING STRIKES . . . fiction by Jason P. Williams

As Delta Flight 315 slid smoothly into the Tampa airport and glided onto the blacktop of runway C35, John's cock jerked around in his shorts like it had a mind of its own. An orgasm was building at its base and he bent over across his seat belt and pretended to tie his shoelace. Luckily the seat next to his was empty, and the old lady on the aisle seat had her eyes closed (her lips were moving in silent prayer), so the only thing that betrayed his sudden ejaculation was a gasping for breath and a mostly smothered moan deep in his throat. This was the first time such a thing had ever happened to him. He had heard of spontaneous ejaculations, but he had always prided himself on his sexual self-control. He had never even had a wet dream before, for Christ's sake!

He could only put it down to a release of tension from the flight and the great anticipation of seeing—and fucking with—his lover in a little while. Joe had been working in Sarasota for a couple of months to go, and John was taking a week's vacation to see him, catch some rays and let some of the big-city pressures ooze out of his pores. It turned out that wasn't all that was oozing! *Geez, what a mess.* He took the in-flight magazine out of the pocket in front of him and put it on his lap. He had really dumped a load! And there was no place to go to clean up. he would just have to wait until he got into the terminal.

He hadn't realized he was that aroused. About a half hour from Tampa, out of what seemed like a clear blue sky, the airplane had suddenly been struck by lightning. A small, barely-felt shock went through everybody on board and a murmur of alarm spread through the passengers. The pilot's voice immediately came over the loudspeaker and told them what had happened, explaining about the lightning and that there was nothing to worry about. The feeling was unsettling, however, and it took everybody a while to calm down. *Something like that makes you realize just how fragile your own mortality is.* His thoughts turned to Joe and the pretty nifty seventeen years they had shared together. It wouldn't have been a very rewarding way to end their relationship, being turned into a potato chip at 39,000 feet.

His anticipation of seeing Joe was more heightened by the incident, and he began to anticipate shoving his dick into Joe's various orifices—and vice versa. So for the last half hour of the flight, his balls got bloated up; there was just no way he could get rid of his hard-on. It pulsed and throbbed for the remainder of the flight, culminating in that fantastic blow-out on landing.

Not only was he embarrassed by the obvious splotch on his pants but he was sorry he wasn't able to save it for Joe. That load of cum could have given Joe great satisfaction. Well, hell, he'd just have to work up another one for him. In the interim they could work on the hot liquid present Joe had no doubt saved up for him. That is, unless he had also lost control in some similar adolescent fashion. Somehow John doubted it.

It was great to see Joe. They greeted each other with their usual silly grins which they had developed over years and years of meeting in airports and train stations. Two hunky guys can get away with a friendly-looking hug in public places, but if they had let their instincts hold sway they would have been rolling around in the waiting area, a tangle of arms and legs, trying to get on top or underneath, clothes flying every which way. Decorum prevailed, however, probably to the relief of the population of Tampa, if not of all of Southern Florida.

Since John only had hand luggage, they headed straight for the parking lot. On the way John showed Joe the tremendous cum stain on his pants and told him what had happened. Joe laughed and showed John the front of *his* pants. He had no stain but his cock was creating a most satisfactory tent in his trousers. Joe was stocky and had one of those cocks that sticks straight out over his big balls when it's soft; when it bloats up, it just continues in the same direction. Consequently Joe didn't have the down-the-thigh erection syndrome like John but his problem was a little more obvious at some inopportune times. Just the sight of it made John's mouth water, and his own cock sprang to attention in response. When they got in the car they checked around for passers-by, then pawed each other a bit before hitting the road for Sarasota.

The drive was a nightmare. John didn't know what was wrong with him. His cock just felt so swollen and out of control. He kept feeling Joe up and rubbing his own cock so much that Joe finally said, "Take it out." He immediately unzipped and struggled to get his dick out of his fly; it was so hard it hurt to bend it. Finally he unbuckled his belt and slid his pants and shorts down to his ankles. His cock thrust skyward, its purple head forcing its way free of the foreskin.

"Jesus Christ," Joe said, "I've never seen it look so big." He reached over and put his hand around it, jacking it up and down.

Liquid oozed copiously from the slit, and Joe squeezed harder. It had never looked so big to John either. It was so turgid, and the veins were so distended that it looked like a caricature of a cock—a big beautiful cock, slimy to his lover's touch. It started to ache, and John knew he was going to blow

his nuts again.

"My God, Joe, I'm gonna cum!"

"Do it, baby, blow your nuts for me. Oh my God!"

John threw his head back against the headrest, his mouth agape in a silent scream, and blew shot after shot of heavy sticky cream into the air. The first spurt even hit the ceiling of the car. The rest splattered all over the place: the dashboard, the windshield and all over John's shirt and legs. Joe pumped John's cock mightily, somehow maintaining control of the car as it almost went into the median of the Sunshine Skyway. He pumped and pumped, his hand and arm covered with John's hot jism until the ejaculations subsided.

"Holy shit, honey," Joe said, "hold still," and he groped in the back seat and found a beach towel. "Here, baby, clean yourself up. That was so hot I can hardly stand it."

John wearily did the best he could in cleaning himself and the car, but his energy level was at a very low ebb. He finally leaned back and sighed heavily. That orgasm was the best he'd ever had in his life. A real world beater. His cock ached as it lay hugely across his thigh; it still looked bigger than usual to John. He stared down at it, thinking that the poor thing would never again raise its weary head. As if in answer to his thought, it throbbed and stiffened a little bit. It thickened before his eyes, especially at the base, and he felt just the tiniest bit of sexual revival. he couldn't believe it.!

Joe grinned at him. "Boy, I wish you could have saved that for my ass."

"Believe it or not, I think there's life in the old girl yet. Just wait 'till we get home." John pulled up his pants and shorts and tucked away the old meat as best he could. And he was right. By the time they got to Joe's apartment, he couldn't believe how ready he was.

Immediately closing the door behind them, they were rolling on the floor, their mouths and bodies locked together. Joe was as horny as a billy goat from the display in the car and needed to be sucked off immediately. John took Joe's first load deep down his throat while Joe writhed in ecstasy. His own outrageously ballooned cock left a slime of cum on the carpet as John buried his head in Joe's bucking crotch. After Joe's orgasm subsided, John slid up on top of him, his hard cock grinding against Joe's crotch and belly. John couldn't get enough of Joe's flesh and he felt like he wanted to just enter into Joe's pores with his own body. Joe started to gasp, and John realized he was too heavy for him, now that he had come. John sat back on him, letting his cock point directly across Joe's belly. Joe clasped it in both his hands and stared down at it. He squeezed gently and it throbbed in response. He looked over John's body and with one hand felt his chest and shoulder, squeezing his triceps gently.

"Have you put on some weight, honey?"

"No. I weighed myself this morning. I'm exactly the same."

Joe brought his hand back to John's cock, forming a tube with his palms as he jacked him gently back and forth. "You just look bigger to me somehow. I always thought your cock was bigger than average but it just seems to be extra swollen this time. Not that I'm complaining." John's cock oozed a stream of slime onto Joe's belly. "I think it's time you shoved this piece of meat up my ass. Okay?"

"God, yes." John's cock responded to the suggestion by swelling even more and the ache in his balls started a dangerous churning. He hoped he would be able to get his cock into Joe before coming again.

They got up from the floor and headed for the bedroom, Joe's yummy ass twinkling a promise at John's big piece of meat. John gripped his cock and there was no doubt it was considerably bigger around than it ever was. Well shit, he thought. I'll think about it later. Right now I've gotta have that ass.

Joe stood by the bed and coated his asshole with a generous handful of Vaseline Intensive Care. Then he took a long heavy snootful of the popper bottle that he had carefully left on the nightstand. He sat gingerly on the very edge of the bed and rolled back, his legs in the air, his gorgeous white ass exposed fully to John's eyes. "Okay, baby, now fuck me like you know I like it."

John opened up Joe's ass with first one, then two, then three fingers while Joe moaned "Yes, oh yes, yes," music to his ears. When Joe was open and ready John put his huge cockhead at the entrance to Joe's hole and slowly shoved it in. Joe gasped at the thicker-than-usual tube of flesh but didn't complain as John slowly dorked him with its entire length. Joe moaned as John hit bottom, his balls resting firmly against Joe's buttocks. John just knew he was deeper in Joe than he had ever been in the last seventeen years. His cock felt huge. And it was!

So John fucked him, long and hard and rough. Just like Joe liked it. John fucked his ass until Joe came all over himself. But John kept fucking. He fucked and fucked, exploding at least three times into Joe's guts. His cum poured out of Joe's ass, and it seemed like it was pouring out of not only his cock; he came out of his ears, his nose and what seemed like even his fingertips. They were covered with slime. The smell was manly and heavenly.

His fucking forced yet another load out of Joe, and finally Joe had to stop him. How many times had John come? Five, six? He must have fucked Joe for an hour and a half without unplugging and probably would have kept on if Joe hadn't finally gotten too sore to take it.

[Continued - Page 36]

John collapsed on his side, his cock flopping out of Joe's asshole with a giant slurping sound. He couldn't control his breathing for a few seconds but finally came down to earth, his lover at his side, holding onto John for dear life.

"Jesus, honey, I've never seen you like this. Are you okay?"

A combination of euphoria and weariness settled over John. "Yeah, I'm okay. Boy, that was some fuck. Just need some rest now."

"Okay, babycakes, I have to go back to work for a couple of hours anyway. That'll give you time to relax a little. There's beer in the fridge and some cold cuts." Joe squeezed John's chest and kissed him on the lips. "Don't think you need it, though. You are definitely putting on weight. You're gonna be as fat as me if you don't watch out. Not that I mind actually. Especially here." Joe squeezed John's cock, bent down to give it a little peck and bounced off the bed.

As the shower went on, John's hand strayed to his cock. It had actually responded to Joe's kiss and was filling up again. John could feel the cum building up in his balls, but this time it seemed to fill his belly and thighs too. His ass even seemed bigger. His skin felt slightly damp. Not damp, really—more slick than anything else. Sort of sexy, slimy texture. The bedroom reeked of sex, of course, but it seemed especially pungent as he stroked his cock.

"See you in a couple of hours," Joe called as he let himself out of the apartment.

This can't be happening, John thought as he stroked his cock, his hand only reaching halfway around the steely shaft. He was going to come again! His cock was getting difficult to maintain a hold on, so he starting using both hands, his thumbs and fingers barely meeting around his surging cock. When he came, it was a huge orgasmic explosion, the semen fountaining in huge globs at least three feet in the air before falling back on his heaving body. The sheets were soaked with it, and he rolled over on his stomach and buried his head in the musky aroma. He fucked his cock into the bedclothes, fucking the sheets and mattress, coming another quart of jism into the slimy linen. He reached around with his right hand and plunged it into his gaping asshole. It didn't need any Vaseline; it was already wide open and oozing liquid. He fucked himself as deeply as he could, his hand buried to the wrist as he came wildly. He brought his hand out of his asshole and brought it to his mouth. It wasn't covered with shit; it was covered with semen! His asshole was coming; he was ejaculating out of every hole. His mouth and nose were full of it. His body was bloating up with man juice; his belly was huge and his chest and shoulders were bulging with stretched flesh. His hands and arms and legs were filled with jism. His body was stiffening into one huge hard-on and it was building up to the orgasm of his life. He struggled with his huge, saturated body, rolling onto his back, bending forward with great difficulty to grasp his gigantic organ with both hands. They came nowhere near meeting around its huge shaft. It was as big as his leg, swollen and incredibly long. And he knew what he had to do. He bent his head forward, only slightly, and took the tip of his cock in his mouth. It had grown so much he reached it easily. But it was so thick he could just barely get the tip in. It didn't matter because he was coming: The super nova of orgasms. His hands speeded up on the huge, thick shaft and suddenly he *could* take it in his mouth. Into his mouth and down his throat, deeper and deeper, his whole oral cavity incredibly stretched around the biggest cock in the world. It wasn't that he was able to bend further forward; the fact was his cock was simply growing longer as it entered. He wouldn't be able to take much more because it was cutting off his breath. But it didn't matter because he was coming. Gloriously, incredibly coming! His body was coming. His cock was exploding deep in his guts, its spurting head seeking the darkness of his stomach. And then suddenly, the cum flowed from every orifice. From his hair, from his toes, from every pore. His body was turning into a mass of semen. The orgasm built and built and built. And then with one final God-like flash of lightning, he exploded. Wonderfully. Finally.

Joe was really hot to trot. he jangled his keys in anticipation as he came down the hall to his apartment. He wanted to get fucked like that again, exactly like John had fucked him two hours ago. Only this time longer and deeper. When he had gotten to the office, he couldn't think about anything else and walked around with a constant hard-on. When he finally went to the men's room to jack off, an unexpected bonus greeted him in the person of Mr. Scott, the fat and handsome CEO of the company. The man was bent over a sink, washing his hands. Without even thinking about what he was doing, Joe walked up behind him and shoved his crotch against Mr. Scott's ass.

Mr. Scott said, "Oh, Jesus," immediately dropping his pants, soaping up his asshole and letting Joe fuck him standing up, right there in the executive washroom. Then he had sucked off Mr. Scott and fucked him once more. He didn't know what had gotten into him because up to that time he hadn't given the man a second thought. Didn't even like him for that matter. It just seemed the right thing to do. He had left Mr. Scott bent over the sink, his face red as a beet as he jerked a load onto the floor. And then on the drive home, Joe couldn't think of anything else but getting down and dirty again with John. He almost jerked off again in the car but managed to save it in spite of the almost overpowering inclination. But he would need

to come very soon.

As he approached his front door, he heard a startling sound. Sort of a wet thunderclap. Kind of a gigantic SPLURRRRT, with an immediate splattering of rain against the roof. It stopped him in his tracks for a second, and he tried to figure out what it was. Fuck it, he thought, I'll ask around tomorrow. *Right now I gotta get laid!*

As he opened the front door, the wonderful, musky odor of man-in-heat pervaded his senses. His cock grew harder than ever in his pants. He quickly stripped off his clothes, surprised when his shorts caught annoyingly on his stiff cock. Had it ever been as big and beautiful as this? He made for the bedroom, planning on shoving his fattened cock into the first hole he found open.

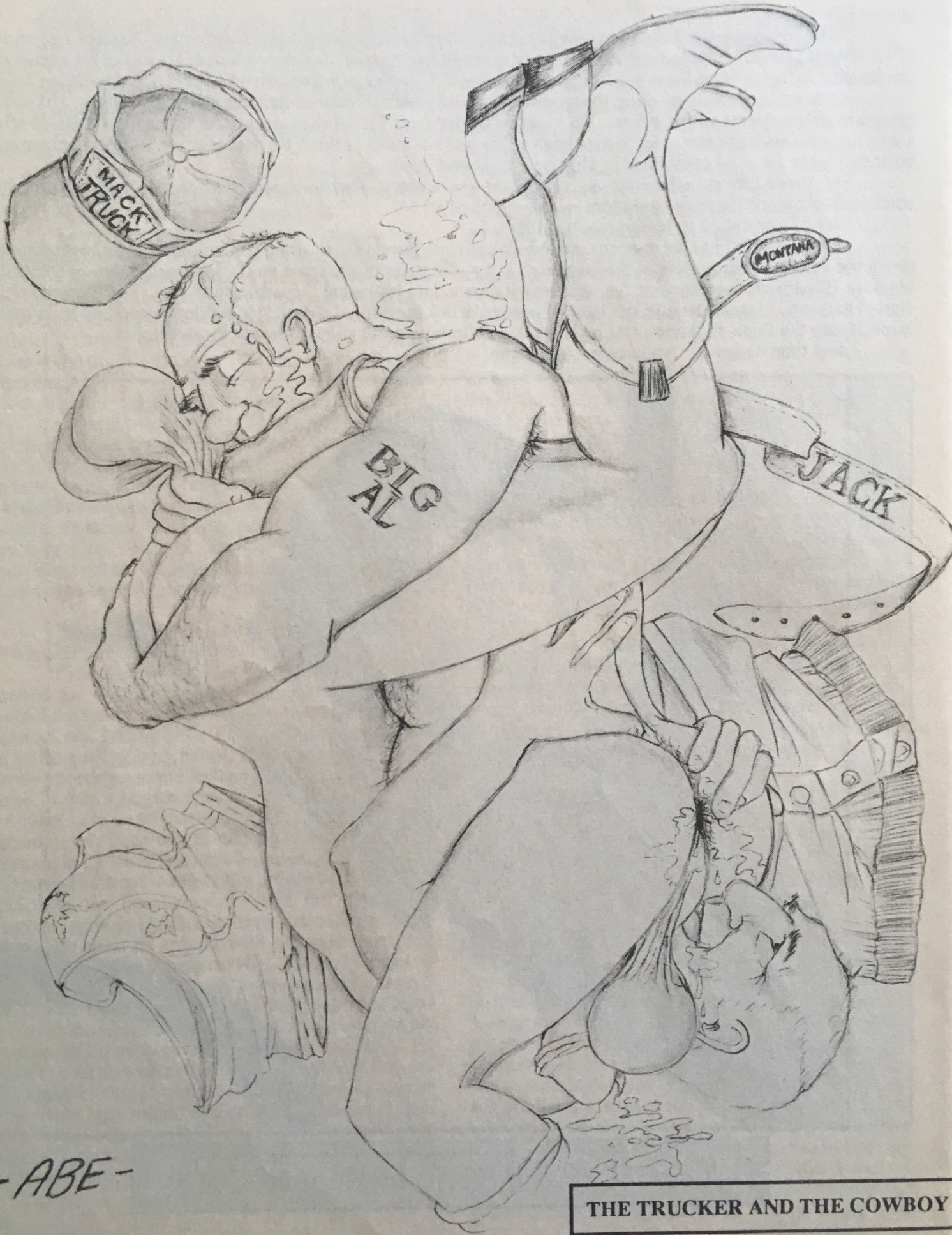
He stopped short in the doorway. The room was a mess. There was slimy white stuff everywhere. Its smell was wonderfully sexy, and there was so much of it!

"John?" he called as he approached the bed.

What a sight. The sheets were torn and soaked right through to the mattress, rivulets of wetness running down the sides. In the middle of the bed was a large, flat mass of the same stuff. Joe knelt down by the bed, his nose filled with the stench of the wetness. It dawned on him what the white stuff was. His bloated cock started to throb. "Jesus," he said and leaned forward to lick the pool of semen. He suddenly stood up and threw himself into the thick slickness, rolling around, swallowing great gobs of the sticky sweetness.

And then he came. And came. And came. □

BILL, JR. . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY



THE TRUCKER AND THE COWBOY

ANTICIPATION . . . by Kent Justice

AN INTERVIEW WITH A GAY SEDUCER OF HETEROSEXUAL MEN

[Editor's Note: This interview was conducted in March, 1986 and appeared in our very first issue (SWAN, April 1986). We still find it fascinating and thought we'd reprise it in this special issue. We interviewed a man called Rolly, who had a knack for seducing straight men.]

Well, I can see one big advantage right off the bat. You look like a marine sergeant. You're rugged as hell.

I guess it is an advantage. To some straight guys, if you don't look gay, then you're not gay--even if you've just finished sucking their cock. They can handle it better if you're macho like them.

What do you do for a living, Rolly?

I'm a buyer with a defense contractor in Los Angeles. I came here about two years ago from New York.

And that's your playground: where you work?

That's right. Oh, I have gay tricks too--provided they're butch--but they're few and far between.

Isn't it sort of risky, fucking at work?

Not the way I do it. I don't fuck with the people I work for or with. I make out with the salesmen who call on me.

What's the difference? Wouldn't that be just as risky?

I'm cautious. I go slowly and NEVER show my cards unless the guy wants it. The typical salesman wants to make that sale; he'll get friendlier than, say, a peer. Besides, it would do him more harm than good to spread gossip about me. A lot of them are whores, too.

Describe how you would operate. How do you make out with a predominantly straight dude who chases pussy and hasn't been propositioned by a man since high school?

Well, let me tell you about this electrical contractor back in New York in seventy-three. I used to play a game with the salesmen that visited me. If they were a turn on, I'd let the conversation evolve to stuff about sex, see, then tell them about this fictitious nympho named "Dixie" and what wild orgies we'd have. If they seemed turned on, I'd escalate to the fact that Dixie was bisexual. If they liked that, I'd escalate to how Dixie got off on watching this gay buddy go down on her HUNG sex partners. If they were still interested, I'd invite them to the apartment to meet her. When they came over, I'd attempt to call her but her line would be busy, of course. Then I'd repeat the thing about her liking big cocks and, by the way, how big is yours? Nine out of ten times, they were so excited that they showed me rather than answering the question.

How sleazy! And no one caught on and got pissed off?

Not really. I just told them that Dixie was unpredictable. And if they pushed, I'd say that she'd caught herpes.

So what happened with the electrical contractor?

Oh, yeah. Jack was about fifty and I'd guess about five-foot-seven. Weighed about a hundred ninety. Grey hair, blue eyes, big, rough hands, big arms, deep voice . . . super butch. About the best looking rugged man I've ever met. He arrives outside my apartment one night unannounced and wants to meet Dixie. He's already half in the bag and has a case of Scotch under his arm. I go through the motions of trying to call Dixie and all and go to where he's sitting and he's got his dick out, playing with it. And it's a monster, too. He looks up at me and says, "Is this big enough for her?" Well, to make a long, juicy story short and less agonizing, I had him about six times over a period of four hours. My mouth was a new toy. During the three years that I knew him after that, I guess he came over another fifteen times. To this day, he still doesn't know that Dixie doesn't exist. He never asked for her after that first night.

So how often did you make out like that?

I made out with lots of them, but none were as good as Jack. He was an *ungawa*.

Ungawa?

It's an expression. Tarzan used to say it. Someone told me that it was Swahili for gorgeous hunk.

I believe Tarzan called off the lions with it.

Whatever. That's what I use.

So how many did you make out with?

I'd say . . . . Well, about one out of every thirty

salesmen were a turn me on ; of those, about half I made out with.

No kidding.

In New York, about eighteen salesmen. In L.A. so far, about ten.

All of them straight?

Well, they were all married and only about six ever returned for seconds. The others probably had traumatic reactions. They didn't call on me so often after that. If they did, they were really nervous and ill-at-ease.

That didn't bother you?

Why should it? It's a fantastic turn on, knowing that I'm getting their cherries. Hey, I brought excitement to their lives.

So where did you have sex?

Mostly at my apartment. A couple of times, it happened inside a car. Once, I did it in my office during working hours. I just closed the door and had him lean against it. I did him real fast. I think the guy went into shock.

Was liquor involved in most cases?

Mostly. I don't think they would have been inclined otherwise. I seriously don't think that any of them even came close to being homosexual.

Did any reciprocate?

One did. He said he used to be a hustler when he was in the navy back in the forties. Said he wanted to see if he could still suck a cock. He was sort of mechanical, you know. I don't think he enjoyed it.

Did you ever make it with fellow employees?

(Frowns) Yeah, twice. And Jesus, did I regret it. The first time, it was at a construction site in southern Illinois. I was having trouble finding a motel room and this co-worker let me stay with him in his mobile home while his wife and kids were away. The guy was a real hunk, man, and I programmed myself NOT to make a play. But we got pretty bombed and we got on the subject of sex and lo and behold, he says, "God, I wish you were a cocksucker." Well, how do you pass up that kind of invitation? Hell, I said, "Wish granted," and tore his fucking clothes off. I mean, he even said, "You can swing on that thing all night long." But then, just as he shot, I could see something terrible in his eyes. Afterwards he almost ripped the door off the hinges trying to get out of the house. After that, he wouldn't speak to me at work and before you knew it, the rumors started flying about me making a pass at him and how he TURNED ME DOWN. Shit, man. What a nightmare.

What about the second time?

(Rolly seems to ponder his answer) This commute job in Nevada a few years later. I was a buyer and he was an expediter. God, what a man he was. He was an ex-heavyweight boxer in the marines. Dark hair, green eyes, really handsome, man. I mean, he was REALLY *ungawa*. We got assigned to work on a project together and got to be friendly. We started meeting for breakfast and he began filling me in on the sexual experimentation he and his wife were into. Well, I must have given him the impression that I was into the same things, because he invited me to L.A. to spend the weekend with his wife and her girl friend. Somehow I got out of having to fuck the girl friend, thank God. Before long, we were pretty tight and I suggested he save money by bunking with me. He agreed and we weren't roommates forty-eight hours before I professed a frenzied lust for him and fuck the consequences. That night, he wouldn't let me have him, but I *did* con him into a massage. The next night, he let me blow him. After three months, he was blowing me. But this guy wasn't playing with a full deck, you see. He tells his WIFE that we were having an affair, and "can we legitimize it by having a *menage a trois*, honey? And I'll be damned if we didn't. But that's a whole chapter and it's best I don't get into it again. Let's just say that it turned into a fucking mess.

Because of her?

No. Him.

What'd he do?

Well, we both loved him and, one day, we found out he was having a wild affair with another woman.

He was having two affairs on the side? When did he sleep?

He fell in love with the other woman and ditched us. Ain't that a bitch? I never got involved again after that.... (His eyes misted over and he shook his head) And then there was the time I got this salesman bombed at lunch and blew him in the restaurant tearoom.

And it went on and on like that. When I ran out of tape, he was about to go down on a uniformed traffic cop in the front seat of his squad car. □

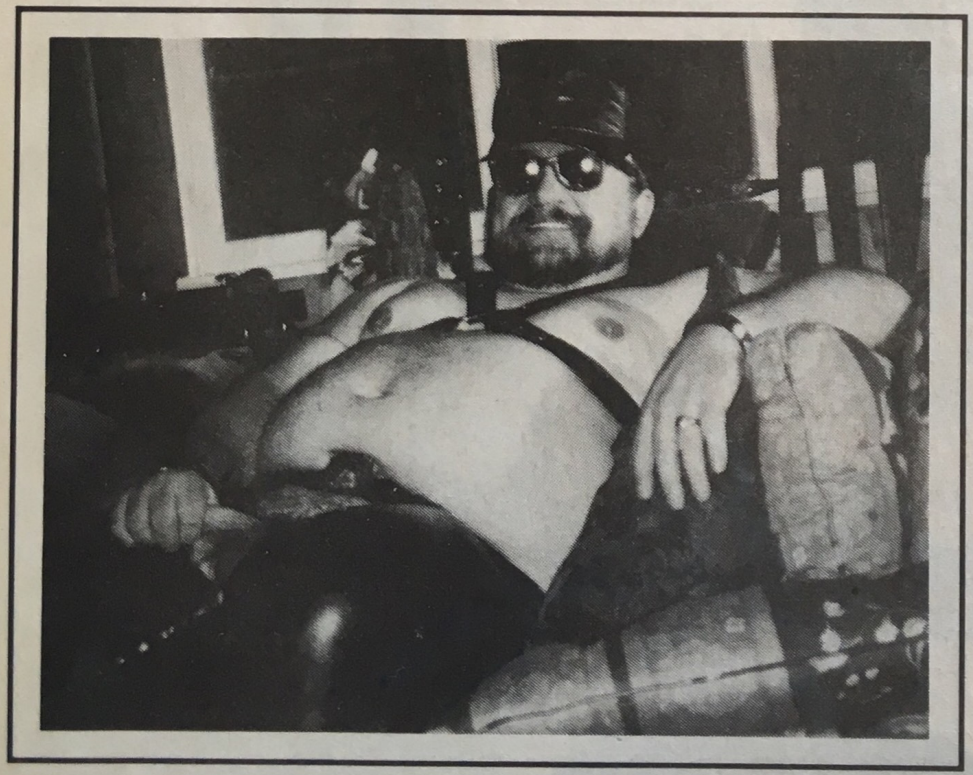
LOU LOU

photos
by
S.3

STRIP TEASING WITH BUZZ

PHOTOS BY FLASH

URSUS



MINOR

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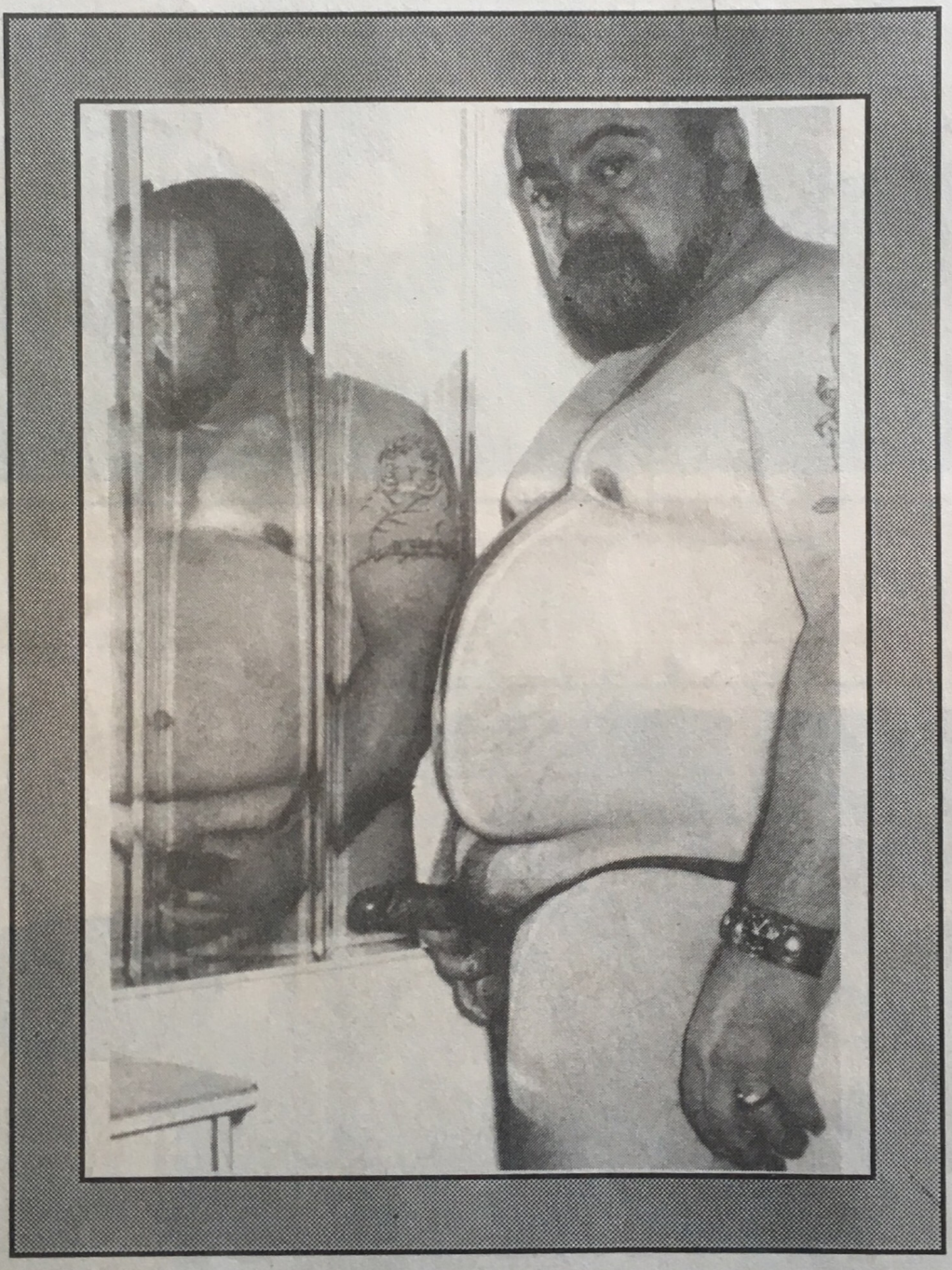
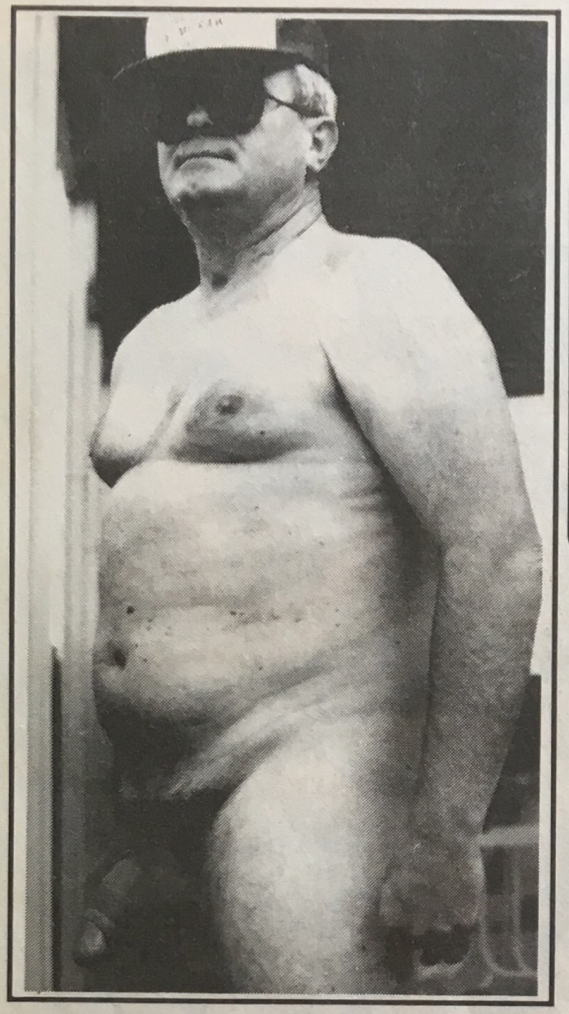
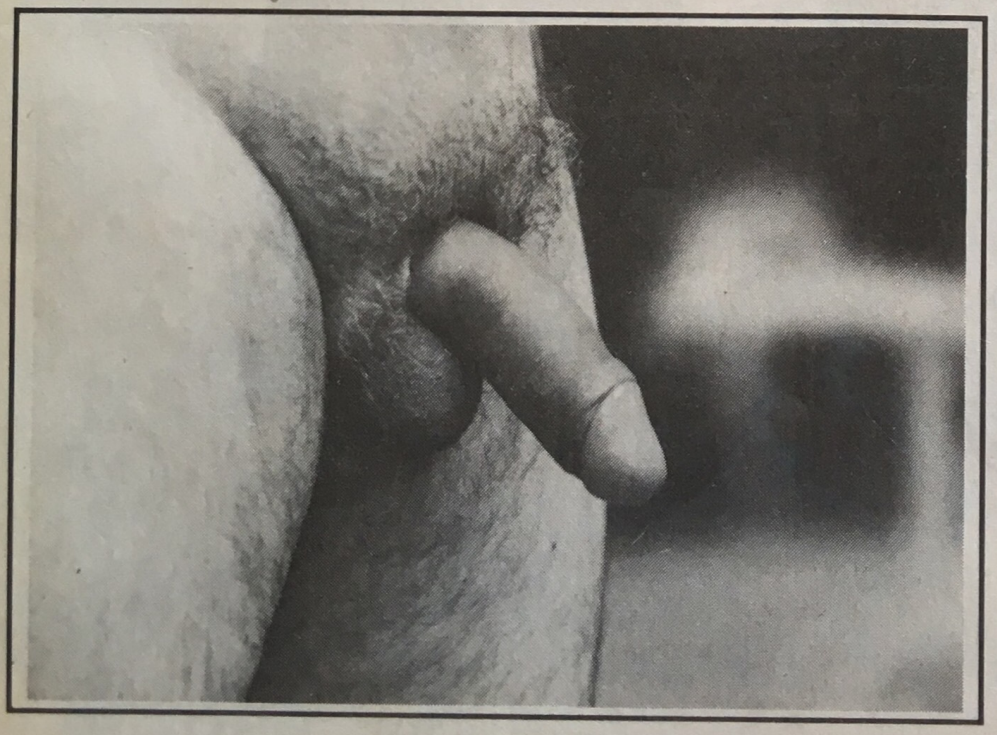


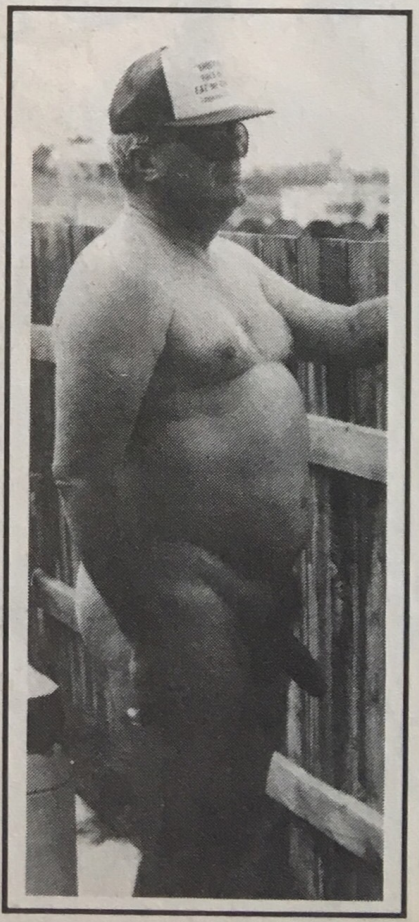
AARON



MACK

photos by P.H. Colley





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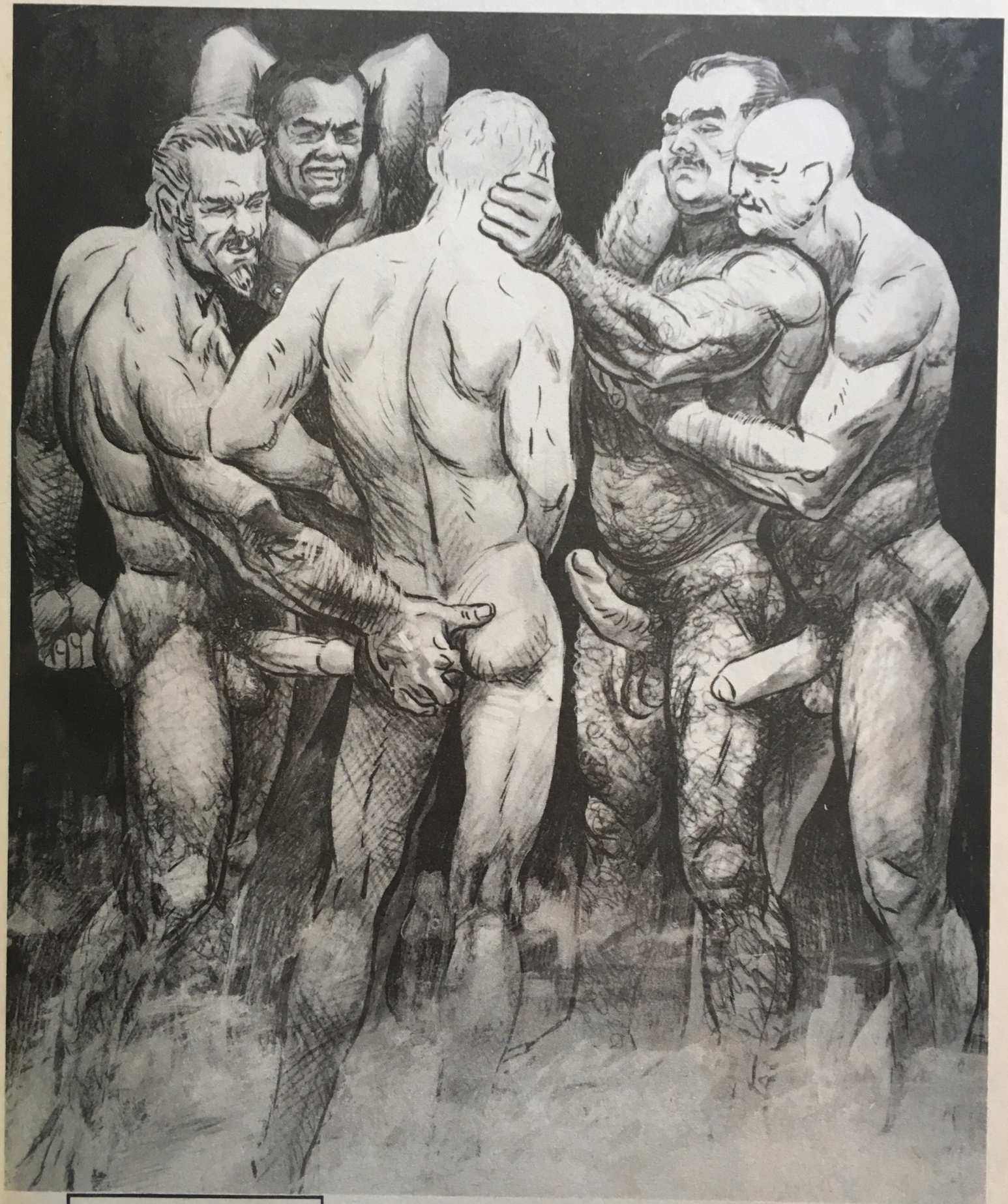
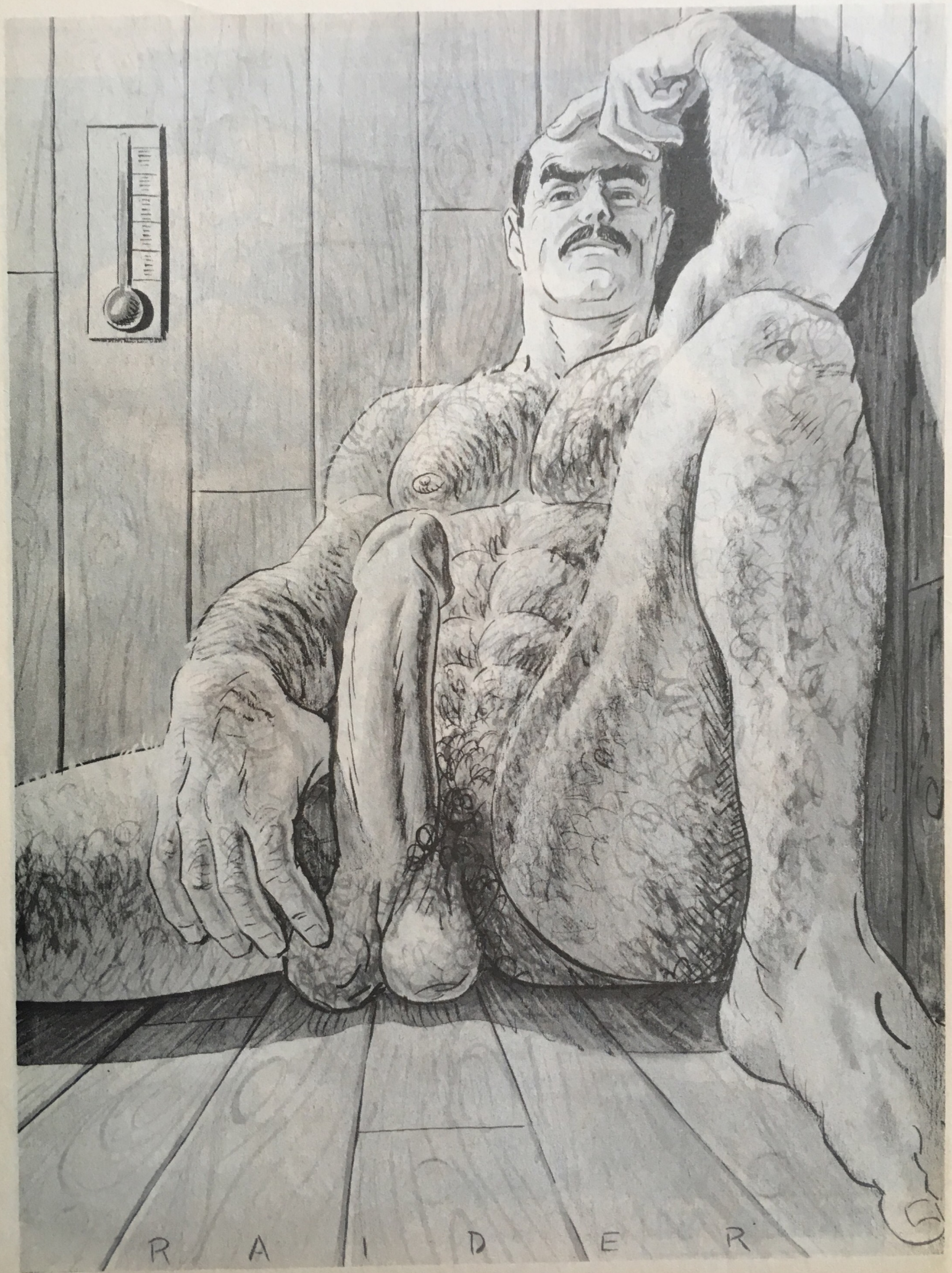
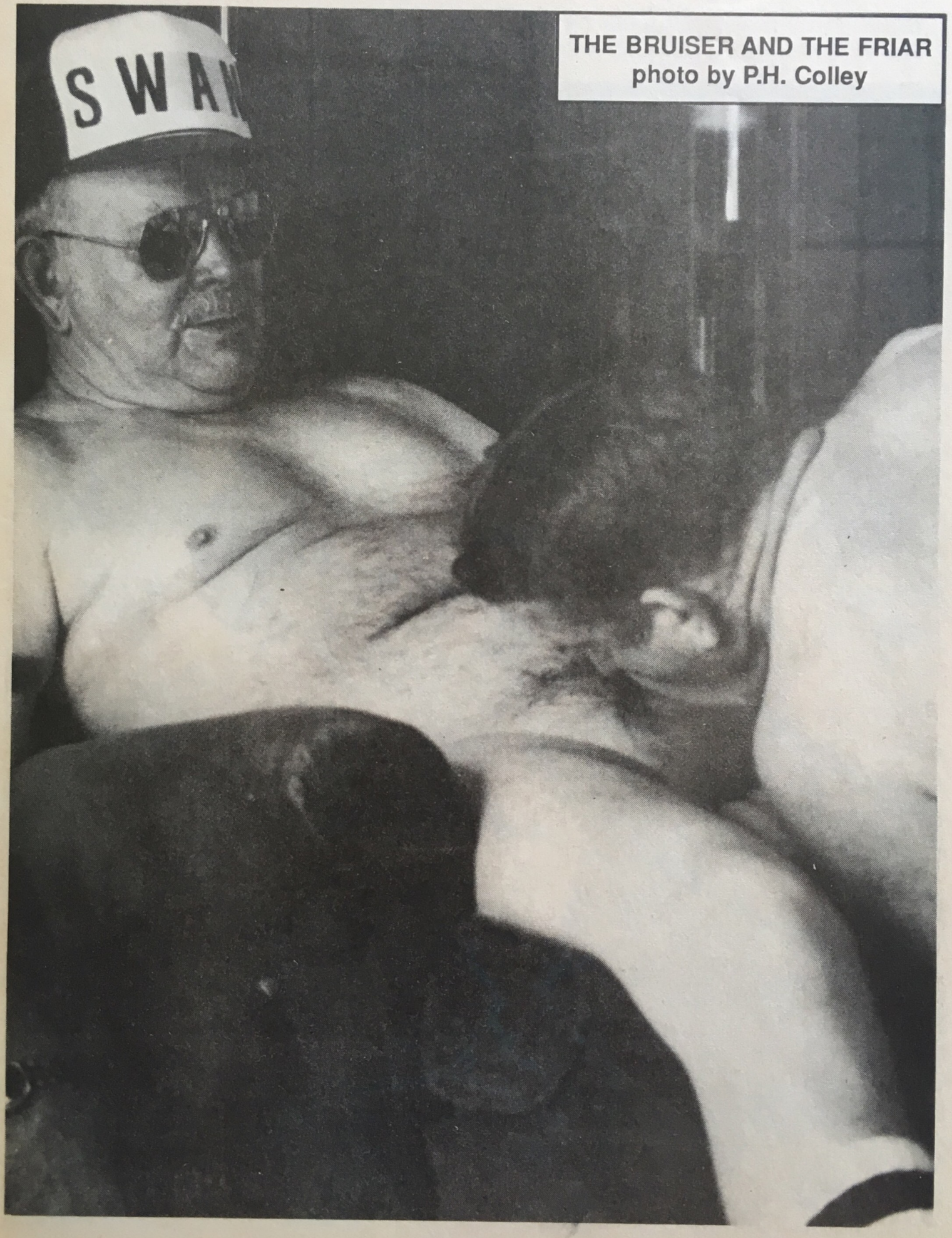


RADER '84

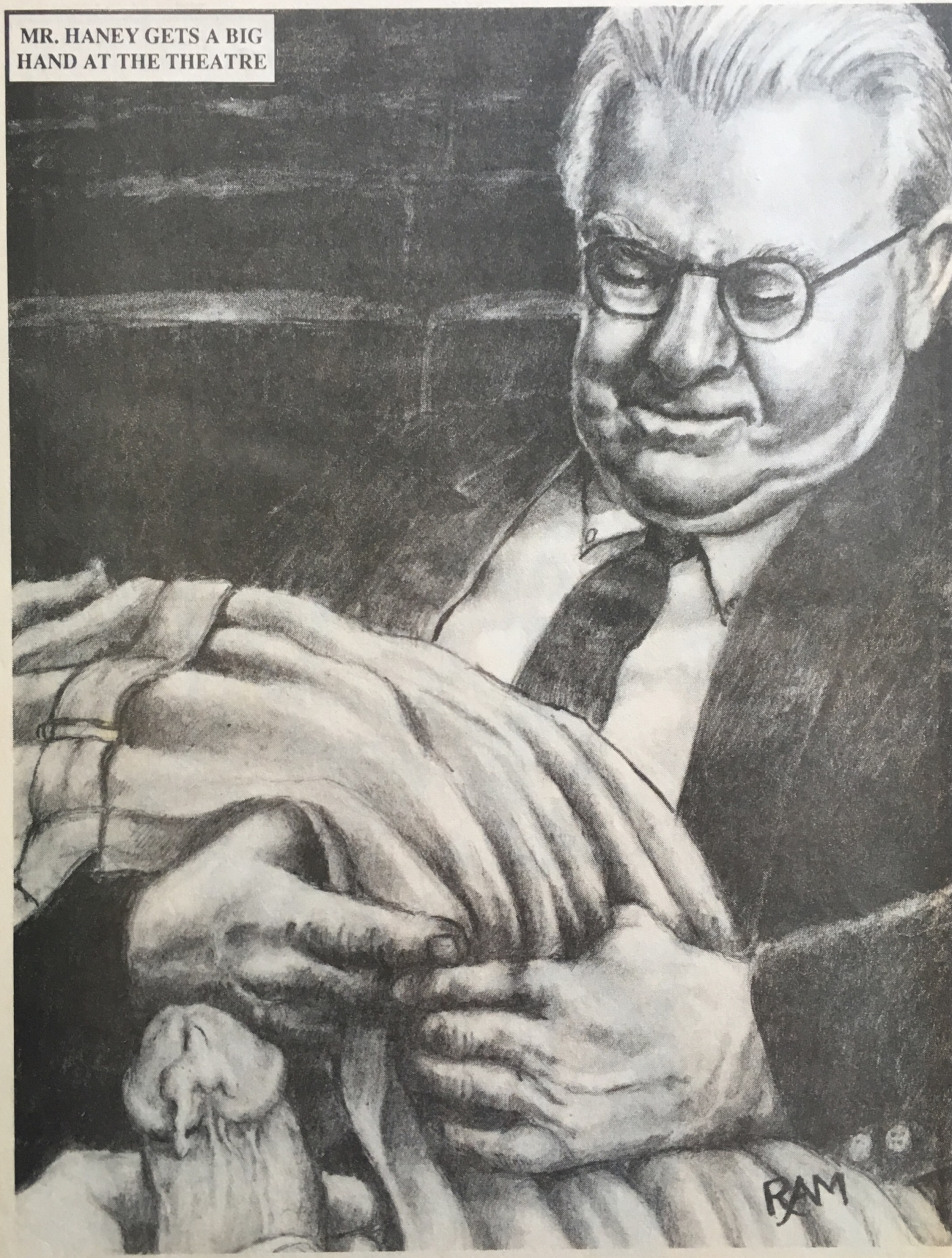

RAIDER

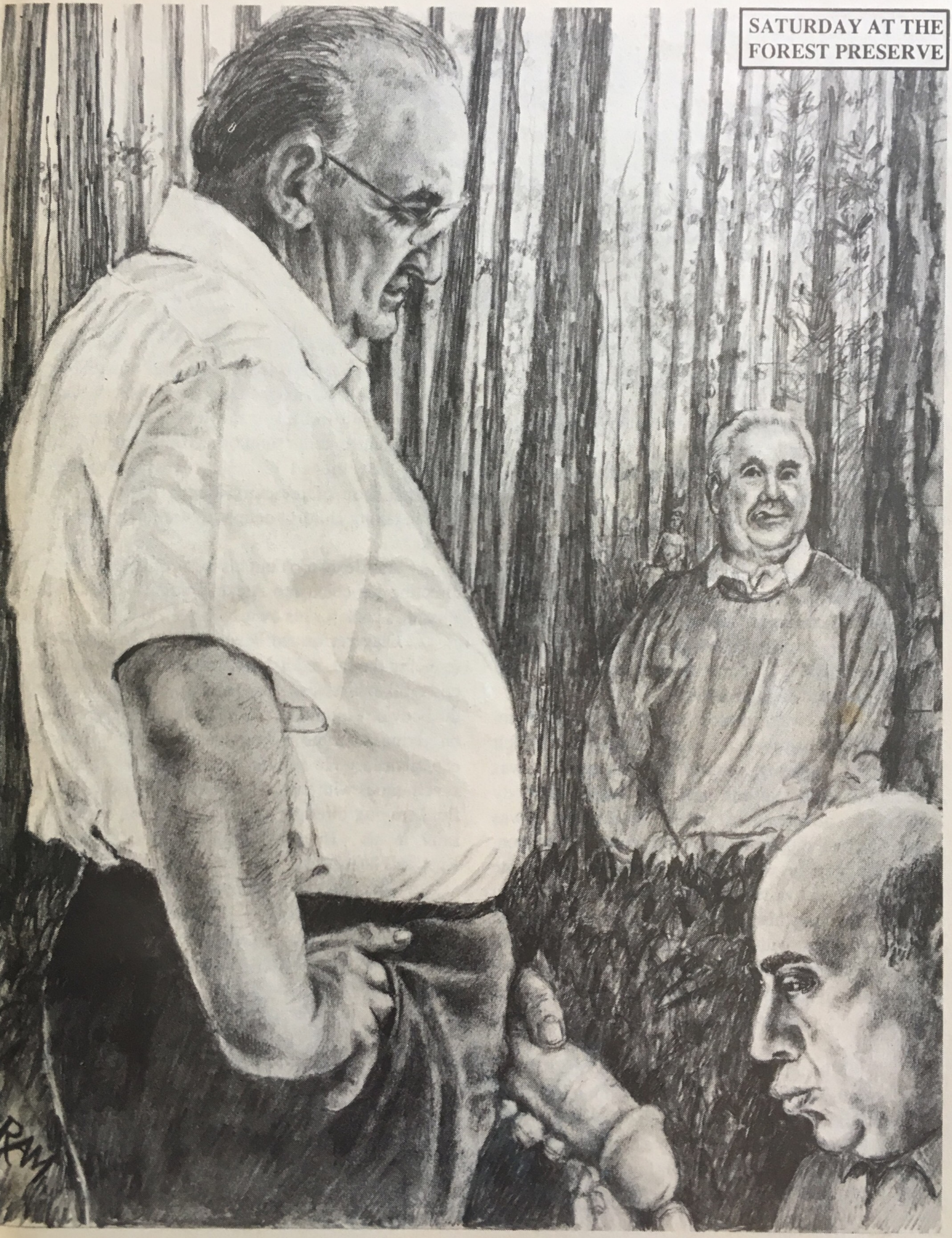


THE BRUISER AND THE FRIAR
photo by P.H. Colley

SAM
photo by ROADRUNNER TOO

"DUE TO OVERCROWDING,YOU HAVE TO SHARE A CELLWITH BIG DICK DAN AND HORNY HARRY."
RM


MR. HANEY GETS A BIG
HAND AT THE THEATRE
RAM


SATURDAY AT THE
FOREST PRESERVE

IN CLOSING

We thought we'd use this space to announce our next special issue, which will be quite a departure for us. The September (tentative) Special will consist of an illustrated, full length novel by yours truly and the superb artist, RADER. The novel is called SANCTUM and is the story of Clay Pascal, a Houston construction worker who is hastily recruited into the service of the CIA for a one-time mission: to seduce and lure a dangerous CIA agent into a trap. To give you an idea what you're in for, we offer the following exerpt:

Clay slipped past him, stepping outside. He gazed out over the tundra, feeling terribly alone and confused.

Alexei stepped back into the darkness of the module. "Come here a minute."

Clay turned and looked at him, tears finally streaming down his cheeks.

"Come here," Alexei insisted.

Clay joined him and closed his eyes as Alexei kissed him tenderly on the lips.

The Russian opened up both their jackets and pressed his chest next to Clay's, still kissing him. He probed Clay's mouth, his tongue writhing. "You don't look like Misha.... You look like Clay Pascal... and you look good enough to eat."

Clay was immobile, his rational mind struggling to comprehend what had happened. He felt his spirit radiating warmth for this man he was conditioned to fear and hate. He sensed his body becoming pliant and lost inside Alexei's aura. It was as if he had slipped inside a transcendental cocoon, hovering just above the floor. The sweet, clean taste of Alexei's saliva reached his senses, sweeping him away, severing his moorings to solid ground. He responded first with his tongue, then with his hands, slipping them under the Russian's shirt and exploring the hard, hirsute torso. He sucked at Alexei's saliva, savoring it, swallowing it as if it were the ultimate nutrient.

"Who are you? Good God, who am I?" asked Clay, terrified, delirious. "There's nothing left of me I recognize."

Alexei ripped open Clay's shirt, attacking his breasts, sucking, biting, humming hot air into his blond chest hair. A large, powerful hand explored Clay's crotch, roughly unzipping the bulging jeans and ripping them downward. He slid down Clay's body until his knees touched the floor, then turned and slowly lay with his back on the floor. Clay stood over him, enchanted at the sight of the fluttering, inviting tongue. He milked his cock, slowly severing a stretched drop of pre-cum, aiming it for Alexei's mouth, taking childish delight in watching it find its mark.

As Alexei took out his own penis, Clay knelt, directing his cock into Alexei's throat, seeking the Russian's cock for his own.

Clay performed beyond his wildest dreams, seducing the fat, reddish flesh as if he'd consumed a powerful aphrodisiac. It was as if he had taken over the body of a toothless, world-class cocksucker, bent on giving Alex the most electrifying sex he'd ever experienced. He felt as if his body had become synchronous with that of his partner. He could sense fluids raging through Alexei's groin, triggering the same in his. He could hear the pounding of the Russian's heartbeat.

Was that two beating as one? The breathing ... in and out ... the same. We're one ... we're one ... we come as one ... coming ... COMING ....

They groaned in unison; semen gushed in ultimate synchrony.

Yin ... cocksucker ... I fall from the earth.

All the best from Pat and The Friar